the Chaplain

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VOLUME 3
NUMBER 5

A TRADE JOURNAL FOR PROTESTANT CHAPLAINS

Published by

GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS
1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C.

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CO-OPERATING CHURCHES: General Baptist; North American Baptist General Conference; Swedish Baptist; Advent Christian General Conference of America; Evangelical Congregational; Evangelical Mission Covenant; Evangelical Free Church of America; Friends; Mennonites; Free Methodist; Wesleyan Methodist; Pilgrim Holiness; Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

CO-OPERATING AGENCIES: Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America; Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations; National Council of the Service Men's Christian League (formerly associated in publishing THE CHAPLAIN).

Distributed free of charge to chaplains of above churches

Subscription rate to others: 25¢ per copy. $2.00 per year

Address all communications affecting this magazine to Editor, THE CHAPLAIN
1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C.

May, 1946

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• *Fearless analysis by a participant in one of the most important meetings of all times*

More than a Blue-print

By Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg

(A Delegate to the UNO Meeting in London)

I RETURN from London with no illusions that automatic peace awaits the world just because the machinery of the United Nations is now in gear. But I return also with an over-riding conviction, even more emphatic than before, that the world's only hope of organized peace and security is inseverably linked with the evolution and the destiny of this United Nations enterprise.

I return in the convinced belief that the more complex or ominous the world's international relations may become, in that same degree the greater becomes the critical need that the peace-loving peoples of the earth shall strive to make this enterprise succeed. I return in the belief that it can succeed unless Russia, Britain and the United States, individually or collectively, make it impossible.

I can share your disappointments over some phases of the London record, but I do not share the melancholy pessimism, heard in some quarters, that the United Nations, as a result of this experience, will be unable to cope with world realities as disclosed in current history. It would be silly to ignore the hazards. It would be sillier to ignore vindicated hopes. The amazing thing at London is not that there were areas of disagreement but that the areas of agreement were so vast and so significant.

I

The United Nations must be made to succeed if we are to avoid unspeakable catastrophe in this atomic age when decisive war may be waged in minutes instead of years and when the first casualty list may be the last. To those who are already earnestly suggesting substitutes, I prayerfully suggest that if the UNO compact, as a starter, cannot command the agreement and co-operation essential to success, then any more ambitious program would obviously multiply these obstacles. Any less ambitious program would die of pernicious, international anemia.

This Charter clearly has its imperfections. We must be constantly alert to opportunities for its im-

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Editor's Note: The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has co-operated generously with The Chaplain in the presentation of material that promotes peace. The articles by Dr. Dulles and Senator Vandenberg are among the best current statements on peace planning.

provement. It is helpful that the earnest friends of peace should press these discussions. But it seems clear to me that we must first learn to live with what we have. It seems clear to me that our challenge is to make the United Nations work. It is particularly a challenge to the so-called Five Great Powers. More particularly it is a challenge to three of them. Still more particularly, it is an individual challenge to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and to our own United States, as I shall presently undertake to demonstrate.

In 37 days the United Nations turned a blue-print into a going concern. It turned an ideal into a reality. On January 10, 1946, we had only a pious dream. On February 16, 1946, we had organized, in working detail, the complete machinery for the General Assembly for the Security Council, for the Court of International Justice, for the Social and Economic Council, and for the functioning of every instrument of peace which the Senate envisioned when it underwrote this dream last July with but two dissenting votes. On January 10th we had a "scrap of paper." In 37 days we gave it life. The supreme need, in the name of flesh and blood and human hearts and hopes, is that it shall not return to the status of a "scrap of paper."

The UNO will be financed from a so-called "working capital fund" of $25,000,000; and its provisional budget for 1946, including the Court at The Hague, is $21,500,000. Our provisional share is 25 per cent. In other words, the United States will spend for peace, on this account far less per annum than it spent per hour on war.

We have the greatest encouragements to believe that the United Nations can gather strength and moral power to meet the major issues which may threaten international peace and security: or, as an alternative, to organize the conscience of the world against any aggressor who defies these precepts.

First, let's remember that the Security Council was put to unexpected test just six days after it came into being—before it had any of the Charter instruments intended for its use—before it even had any rules for its own procedure. That was like expecting a motor car to run on one wheel. Or, changing the metaphor, it was like asking General Eisenhower to invade the Continent 20 minutes after we declared war on Germany. It took four years to integrate the machine that won the war. I respectfully submit, to those who are impatient with the London story, that we are entitled to at least a few months of grace in the winning of a lasting peace.

II

Four controversies—each involving the presence of foreign troops in lands other than their own were submitted to the Security Council. In each instance, after full hearing, the four controversies were left, on conciliatory American initiative, to further negotiations between the nations in direct concern. But that qualifying phrase—"after full hearing"—is of paramount importance.

Mind you, these were the raw materials out of which wars have sprung in other days. But here the

contestants were not meeting on a battlefield. They were meeting at the council table—in the white light of full publicity—in the presence of their peers—under the searching eyes of a watching world—and under the impulse of a solemn pledge to keep the peace. Here, words—which would have been fighting words in other days—were the substitutes for guns and swords. Here the frankest imaginable discussions were taking place, eye to eye, cheek by jowl. Here the contestants shook hands at the termination of the jousts. Here there was a clear verdict rendered on the facts by the member nations sitting in their judgment seats, as each representative spoke into the record. It was the "open diplomacy openly arrived at" of which men heretofore have dreamed in vain. It was an epoch in the hopes of humankind. Let's put that in the credit ledger!

III

I venture to assert that the renewal of direct negotiations in the instant cases, after these full hearings, is calculated to be quite a different thing than it was before. Now these negotiations will proceed in the presence of the necessity for an ultimate accounting not only to the Security Council, but also to the critical opinions of mankind. Now the record, be it good or ill, defies distortion in the future conduct of these events.

In most instances, I dare to believe there will be adequate results. By way of example, I point only to the fact that the Soviet Union immediately opened negotiations with Iran—after months of previous refusal to confer; and that, in the midst of the Indonesian discussion, the Netherlands announced new plans for an autonomous Indonesian Commonwealth. This, too, goes on the credit ledger.

By way of concrete illustration, let me submit a blow-by-blow account of the final contest before the Security Council. Within it are found all of our hopes and fears—all of the credits and liabilities—all the encouragements and all of the warnings for the future.

Lebanon and Syria were asking the simultaneous withdrawal of French and British troops. Two of the newest and smallest and the humblest of governments were complaining against two of the Five Great Powers—against two of the permanent members of the Security Council. Yet little Lebanon and little Syria were invited to temporary seats at the Council table, pursuant to the mandate of the Charter. There they sat, with the mightiest of earth, to have their untrammeled day in this court of world opinion. It was the triumph of an ideal. They spoke without limitation and without curb.

When Lebanon and Syria had finished, sturdy Ernest Bevin, Foreign Minister of the United Kingdom, promptly announced that he would be willing and glad to withdraw the British troops from Lebanon and Syria at once. Monsieur Bidault, the able Foreign Minister for France, immediately followed with a statement in kind. The controversy gave promise of amicable composition at one sitting of the Council. Our own distinguished Ambassador Stettinius, speaking for the United States, offered a

resolution which took note of the record and asserted the Council's general belief that there should be no unwanted troops on foreign soil in time of peace. The dove of peace flew in the window. But quickly it flew out again.

At this point the brilliant Soviet Commissar, Vishinsky, intervened. Long and bitterly he indicated the action particularly of France in Lebanon and Syria. Instead of being closed, the incident then blazed into two more days of intense and futile debate. He offered amendments to the American Resolution which both France and Britain—and most members of the Council—interpreted as stinging and unwarranted rebukes. It was salt in re-opened wounds. The Chairman of the Security Council finally called for a vote.

Vishinsky's amendment was voted down with only its author on its side. The American Resolution was then given the seven affirmative votes required by the Charter. The Chairman announced that it carried. Vishinsky promptly challenged the Chairman's announcement. He was wholly within his rights—as, indeed, he was from start to finish. The resolution was lost by "veto." That left little Lebanon and little Syria just where they started. But then came the thrilling climax. Bevin for Britain and Bidault for France magnificently asserted that they would voluntarily accept the terms of the resolution and abide its terms precisely as though it were the law of the Council. Put that high up on the credit ledger!

I confess that I was proud of Western Democracy that night! And the life of the United Nations took on new assurance and new expectancy, in the pattern of their attitudes. On the other hand, I trust I am not unfair in also confessing that it seemed to me the distinguished Soviet Delegate—one of the ablest statesmen I have ever seen in action—seemed to be less interested in helping Lebanon and Syria than he was in baiting France and Britain, less interested in peace at this point than he was in friction.

IV

I am certain it posed the same question in all our minds which I am now finding almost every day, in one form or another, in every newspaper I read—"What is Russia up to now?" It is, of course, the supreme conundrum of our time. We ask it in Manchuria. We ask it in Eastern Europe and the Dardanelles. We ask it in Italy where Russia, speaking for Yugoslavia, has already initiated attention to the Polish Legions. We ask it in Iran. We ask it in Tripolitania. We ask it in the Baltic and the Balkans. We ask it in Poland. We ask it in the Capital of Canada. We ask it in Japan. We ask it sometimes even in connection with events in our own United States. "What is Russia up to now?" It is little wonder that we asked it at London. It is less wonder that the answer, at London and everywhere else, has a vital bearing on the destiny of the United Nations.

It would be entirely futile to blink the fact that two great, rival ideologies—democracy in the West and communism in the East—here find themselves face to face with

the desperate need for mutual understanding in finding common ground upon which to strive for peace for both.

V

In the final analysis this means that the two greatest spokesmen for these rival ideologies—Soviet Russia and the United States—find themselves face to face with this same need for mutual understanding, both in and out of the United Nations. Indeed, if this does not over-simplify the problem, it might even be said that the future of the United Nations is wrapped up in this equation.

If this be so, I assert my own belief that we can live together in reasonable harmony if the United States speaks as plainly upon all occasions as Russia does; if the United States just as vigorously sustains its own purposes and it ideals upon all occasions as Russia does; if we abandon the miserable fiction, often encouraged by our own fellow travelers, that we somehow jeopardize the peace if our candor is as firm as Russia's always is; and if we assume a moral leadership which we have too frequently allowed to lapse. The situation calls for patience and good will, but not for vacillation.

There is a line beyond which compromise cannot go—even if we once crossed that line under the pressures of the exigencies of war. But how can we expect our alien friends to know where that line is unless we re-establish the habit of saying only what we mean and meaning every word we say? I have the feeling it is the best way to win Soviet respect and Soviet trust. Respect must precede trust: and both are indispensable to peace.

We have a right to be eternally proud of America's part in launching this new argosy of peace upon the seas of time. The startling fact at London is not that it sometimes trembled in the gale but rather that it so staunchly weathered all the storm. But, we would be dubious mariners if we did not look back upon this pioneering journey to assess the dangers that developed and to put up warning signals for journeys yet to come.

VI

I confess that in this first meeting of the United Nations I missed the uplifting and sustaining zeals for a great, crusading, moral cause which seemed to imbue the earlier Charter sessions at San Francisco. In any event, and whatever the cause, we are on notice that the peoples of the earth must never cease to evangelize this struggle for peace if it shall reach full flower.

I sensed at London what seemed to be too great a tendency to relapse into power politics, in greater or less degree. It will require constant, consistent, courageous guidance to keep the United Nations within the main channel of its obligations.

Those were 37 vital days in London. They are freighted with hope—solidly justified hope—in respect to collective security in this atomic age. In such an age there can be no security which is not collective. With unwavering fidelity we must carry on the great adventure. If there be any failure, let not the blood be upon our hands nor the tragedy upon our souls.

• *Changing short-range evil into long-range good*

Redeeming Bad Times

By Charles W. Gilkey, Ph.D.

(The Divinity School, University of Chicago)

IN the year 1850 when Victor Hugo was 48 years old, he had been for ten years a member of the French Academy and his reputation was already established as one of the outstanding poets and dramatists of France. But the very next year, because of his outspoken republicanism and steadfast opposition to the Second Empire, he was driven from his own country with his two sons by the Emperor whom he scornfully called "The Little Napoleon"; and their family exile lasted nearly twenty years.

That fate, at that late period in his life, would have broken the spirit and stopped the creative work of many a lesser man. But during those twenty years on the island of Guernsey, Hugo wrote *Les Miserables, Toilers of the Sea* and a half-dozen of the major works on which his fame now chiefly rests. The banishment which taken by itself was not only a deprivation but a positive evil both to himself and to his country, he transformed into the occasion of his own greatest achievements and of new glory for his beloved France. As later he looked back on his own life, he himself said with an ironic smile, "I should have been banished earlier."

There is a similar story in our own American history. Jonathan Edwards is widely recognized as the outstanding intellectual figure of colonial America and as one of the few first-class thinkers that America has so far produced. Edwards had been for twenty-three years minister at Northampton, in one of the most important churches of Massachusetts Bay. Then, after a bitter controversy that started over questions of church procedure that involved underlying theological issues, a council called from the surrounding churches recommended to the Northampton church, by a bare majority of one, that Edwards be dismissed; and the church members approved this dismissal with a whoop, by a vote of 200 to 20. At the age of 47, with ten living children, the most distinguished minister of his generation wrote this poignant sentence: "I am now thrown upon the wide ocean of the world and know not what will become of me and my numerous family."

A recent biographer of Edwards remarks of this crisis in his life: "For a protracted and agonizing

interval no opening for work appeared." It is a measure of his spiritual stature that during those "six unhappy months of waiting" in Northampton, when no other supply preacher was available, the church committee reluctantly turned at least a dozen times to the minister they had just thrown out of their pulpit—and he was enough of a real Christian to preach for them. Still more so is the fact that when he was finally called to the little frontier church of Stockbridge, to be missionary also to the Indians there, he accepted the call with thankfulness.

That humiliating professional come-down he made "the harvest time of his intellectual activity"; and while he was missionary to the Indians on the edge of the wilderness and before he was elected President of Princeton, he wrote at Stockbridge the treatise on *The Freedom of the Will,* on which his fame as an original thinker now principally rests.

I

The central point of this article is the plain fact of history that both Hugo and Edwards were thus able to take a chapter in their own lives that, viewed by itself was tragic, and to reset it within a larger frame of reference where in the longer look it yielded great results of creative good. They may not fully have foreseen these redemptive and transforming possibilities when they found themselves inextricably involved in so much evil, and they must surely have passed through some very dark hours on the long hard road through and out. But following the gleam of their highest capacities and deepest faiths, they rebuilt through what looked at first like a swamp of evil, a highroad to the realization of a greater good.

Now it is the faith of high religion, central in our Jewish-Christian heritage, that what exceptional men like Hugo and Edwards have thus been able to do, God is doing all the time—on a greater scale and toward larger results of good than our finite minds can understand. We can only catch glimpses now and then through the darkness, of these purposes and means; and we certainly cannot understand or explain why so much present evil has to be. This line of thought is carefully worked out in the Gifford lectures on *Nature, Man, and God* by William Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. We are concerned today to see how often this transformation from within has been evidenced in human history.

In both the Old Testament and the New, this faith of high religion is founded on certain revealing and crucial historical events through which God has disclosed to men his power to bring long-range good out of short-range evil. The religion of the Old Testament never forgets that the two most significant experiences in the history of Israel were both of them captivities in a foreign country, at the mercy of a mightier neighbor.

The Passover recalls to faithful Jews each year the deliverance of their forefathers from Egypt. Even the Christian reader can feel the catch in the throat of the exiled Jews in Babylon, as they replied to their captors: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange

land?" They thought of Palestine as God's Promised Land, and felt themselves beyond the reach of his love and care when they went into helpless captivity in Mesopotamia. But as every student of the Old Testament knows, out of that tragic experience of exile in a strange land, was born—as life is always born, in blood, agony and tears—the faith in one God, Lord of history and all mankind, which we today call ethical monotheism. That faith is the greatest gift of the mother religion, Judaism, to the daughter religion Christianity. Its origin is vividly described in Moffatt's translation of a verse in Hosea (2:15) that is an appropriate Old Testament text for what I am saying: "I will make . . . the dale of trouble a door of hope."

This transformation of temporal evil into ultimate good is the very heart not only of the New Testament faith but of the New Testament experience. Its central symbol in human history is the cross of Christ: a tragic symbol, that first Good Friday, of the temporal triumph of human blindness and selfishness and hardness of heart; but a redeeming symbol, first in the soul of him who that day forgave his enemies and so overcame evil with good, and in the later experience of all those who have since found in his invincible love their clearest revelation of the redeeming love of God. The same cross which seemed at first a tragic symbol of defeat and failure has become the Christian symbol of redemption and ultimate victory.

The New Testament contains a succession of memorable instances of such transformation of short-range evil into long-range good. One of the most familiar and vivid of them is the story of Paul and Silas in the Philippian jail at midnight, their feet fast in the stocks after a severe beating. The account plainly indicates that their "dale of trouble" became once more "a door of hope" both for their fellow-prisoners and for the jailer and his family who found their way through that door into the Christian faith and fellowship. Paul himself has given us in Ephesians 5:16 his own characteristic statement of this transformation, in its New Testament interpretation: "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

II

By the grace of God some Christian people have been enabled in every generation since to work that same transformation of short-time evil into long-time good. Years ago I walked the corridors of a Chicago hospital with a brother minister while the life of his youngest daughter ebbed away behind a closed door near by. Just before the inevitable end, he said to me: "We must make her death contribute to a better knowledge of this mysterious disease which is taking her life." Her parents and the doctors were together able to do that and that mysterious disease is better understood today than it was then. But by the grace of God, he was able to do much more than that. When in our community in later years death came with equal suddenness and implicability to children in other homes and the rest of us knew not what to say to heartbroken parents, he was able

to enter doors we could not open and speak words of faith and hope and comfort that were not given to us. And before he left Chicago for his present post of national influence, he preached a Good Friday sermon on the power of God to bring ultimate good out of temporal evil. Those of us who heard that sermon will never forget it—we realized it could never have been preached apart from that experience in his own personal life.

At this point we come within sight of the relevance of Christian faith to the recent war. How tragic and terrible were its evils the front page told us every day and the radio every hour. For us Americans at least, the grim prospect that the situation could get much worse before it could get better often confronted us. But the conscience of the Christian Church Universal caught glimpses through this deep darkness (as did the prophets of old during their exile in a strange land) of the judgment of God on moral blindness, organized greed and self-centeredness, racial arrogance and cruelty of our boasted civilization! During this period of tragedy, Christian faith believed that God came near to us, not only in judgment, but in mercy.

Some friends once asked John Dewey why he was more hopeful in spite of the darkening prospect, and he replied, "We must squeeze some good out of this war." In his answer he was pointing not only in the direction of personal responsibility, in such a time, but toward a faith in God who can make even the wrath of man to praise him. For Christian faith, God himself was "redeeming the time, because the days were evil."

Only the Beginning . . .

I AM DEEPLY MOVED when I think of the teachings of Jesus Christ that we should love our enemies and do unto others as we would have them do unto us. My fellow countrymen know that to "remember not evil against others" and "do good to all men" are the highest virtues taught by our sages. We have always said that the violent militarism of Japan was our enemy, not the people of Japan.

Although the armed forces of the enemy have been defeated and must be made to observe strictly all the terms of surrender, yet we should not for a moment think of revenge or heap abuses upon the innocent people of Japan. We can only pity them because they have been so sadly deceived and misled, and hope that they will break away from the wrong doings and crimes of their nation.

I urge all our friends of the Allied nations and all my own countrymen to face the fact that the peace we have gained by arms is not necessarily the beginning of permanent peace. Only if our enemies are conquered on the battleground of reason, only if they repent thoroughly of their folly and become lovers of world peace like ourselves, can we hope to satisfy the yearning for peace and achieve the final goal of the great war that has just ended.—GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK

• *General strategy of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace*

Four-Front Peace Program

By John Foster Dulles

(Chairman of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace)

NOW is a critical time in the making of a lasting peace. What is done today will largely determine the direction of the future. Christians have a special responsibility to see that this direction is toward the prevention of war. The Commission on a Just and Durable Peace has set forth a general strategy for this effort in its statement calling for action on Four Fronts for Peace.

The commission was formed five years ago to do general staff work for the Protestant churches in relation to peace. Its initial campaign was designed to bring about a world organization. That campaign was launched in 1941. At that time, as Mr. Welles' diary now reveals, even President Roosevelt doubted that such a general world organization would receive public support. Early in 1943 the commission issued its Six Pillars of Peace statement, which specified the kind of organization which, in its opinion, should be sought. Now UNO not only exists but it is much the kind of organization the commission sought and it is empowered to seek peace in ways which Christians advocate. The churches of America were a potent influence in bringing that about.

Now the world moves into a new postwar phase and there is need for a new over-all program. That is supplied by the commission's four-front program.

The first front is the Inner Front. As the first concern of an army is the physical fitness and the morale of the individuals who compose it, so the first concern of Christian forces must be the character of the individual. The war created much emotional fervor, some uplifting, some degrading. The uplifting has tended to evaporate. There is much apathy and morale is low. That needs to be changed and quickly changed. There is imperative need for Christian soldiers who possess clear visions, serene minds and understanding hearts. Above all is needed the righteous faith that compels action.

Even the best of soldiers are ineffective unless well organized, so the second Front deals with organization. It begins with the individual and his local church and parish and goes through and up to the World Council of Churches. The objective is to get the Protestant forces so well organized and co-ordinated that in every land they may strike powerfully toward the same goal at the same time.

Also we seek parallel action by Roman Catholics and Jews.

The third and fourth fronts are the fronts where the forces of Christianity go into action for peace. One of these fronts is the peace treaty front. There the objective is peace settlements which will be just and which, unless they are just, cannot be durable.

The commission lays down applicable principles and it calls for general peace conferences to implement these principles. It believes that high principles will be more apt to prevail in that environment than in the private negotiations of three or four great powers.

The fourth front is the United Nations front. UNO is an organization which can do much to promote peace. But it is not an automatic, self-operating mechanism. It is a tool which will be ineffective unless skillfully used. We do not believe that UNO can keep peace merely by force. We do believe that UNO can keep peace by bringing the nations together in the fellowship of common effort so that it is unthinkable that any major war should occur. Christian peoples are peculiarly qualified to help use the UNO in that way.

The statement of action on four fronts for peace is an over-all program designed to be a guide for several years. As such it deals with general strategy more than with particular applications of that strategy. But no one can read the statement without realizing that its policies will confront much opposition.

If the churches respond, as I am sure they will, that opposition will be overcome, and this new statement, like the commission's earlier statements will do much to mold the future.

Recommended Reading

SEVERAL widely read books dealing with international and domestic problems are listed below. Publishers and prices are given so that chaplains may order from the publishers, denominational book stores, or through the General Commission.

The United States and Britain. By Crane Brinton. $2.50. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

New Frontiers in Asia. By Philip Jaffe. $3.00. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y.

World Order: Its Intellectual and Cultural Foundations. $2.00. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y.

Italian Democracy in the Making. By A. William Salomone. $2.50. University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia.

Science and the Planned State. By John R. Baker. $1.75. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

The Regions of Germany. By Robert E. Dickinson. Oxford University Press, New York, N. Y.

The Liberal Tradition: A Study of the Social and Spiritual Conditions of Freedom. By William Aylott Orton. $3.50. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life. $2.50. Carl L. Becker. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y.

On to Westward. By Robert Sherrod. $3.00. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, N. Y.

Civilization and Group Relationships. A Series of Addresses and Discussions. Edited by R. M. MacIver. $2.00. Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y.

My Twenty-Five Years in China. By John B. Powell. $3.50. Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

• TEXT: *"We are not doing right, we have good news, yet we hold our peace"* (II Kings 7:9—R.V.)

Any News from the Eternal?

By CHAPLAIN FRANK C. FERGUSON

(Formerly of Brooke General Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas)

THE details of this description of besieged Samaria are familiar to us in World War II. Madrid, Leningrad, Nanking and Manila have left their imprint on us. On these islands we have seen Filipinos, bent under their household goods, staggering back from the hills to their charred homes. Too vividly have we seen the shriveled aged and the emaciated children with an expression dazed yet seeming about to break into hope. It stabs us to realize that in China, India, and other parts of the world the hound of famine constantly stalks millions of people. Every year there is a famine in some part of China. Formerly it was too remote from us; today it is near at hand. Surely all of us are praying that out of these costly sacrifices of war will come a fairer day for humanity. We know that with our engineering techniques, this could be done.

Yet we Americans, gazing at such sights as we have just read with the detachment of the well-filled, should listen to Amos: "There is not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Word of God."

Our chief aim has been the acquisition of material goods. Our souls become thin and dry as we spend ourselves for that which is not bread. Few hunger for righteousness that alone can fill our deep needs. Some of our planners proclaim that freedom from want will bring lasting peace. Certainly all of us long to see these mighty engines of destruction transformed into instruments of human welfare. But man is a rational and spiritual being. The spiritual famine that produced World War II could eventually bring us into World War III. Multitudes enslaved to Mammon and denying Jesus Christ would still collide in their mad grasp for more and more things. President Hutchins of the University of Chicago has pointedly asked: "Why fight for freedom to worship God if you know no God to worship?"

These four lepers sitting at the gate of the besieged city knew all about what hunger and starvation do to man. Today in the Far East the traveler shrinks when he sees these terribly afflicted people wandering like homeless dogs. In Formosa in 1938, I became friends with an old Irishman, one of the most shining examples of Christianity I have ever met. He worked in the mornings for a British firm, but his real life was in the afternoon when he went out to his leper colony. By lectures in America and Canada he helped support this work. When the Japanese began to drive all Americans and British out of Formosa,

he was the last to go. He told me of his farewell visit to the colony. Over the gate he saw the Shinto symbols which had replaced the Cross. Sadly he entered the little chapel to comfort himself by playing hymns on the organ. Soon he heard shouts of joy as the lepers hurried into the chapel singing the old songs of God's redeeming love. Their souls were filled with that which satisfieth—the joy of salvation shone in their faces!

Outside the Samarian gate the four lepers sat in council. "If we stay here," they reasoned, "we die; if they kill us we shall but die." And so they rose up in the twilight and went over to the Syrians, and behold, the Syrians had evacuated their camp, leaving all equipment and supplies behind. A paradise beyond their fondest dreams stretched before our lepers. Imagine the savage glee with which they pitched into the first tent and ate and drank and carried out silver and gold and clothing to bury it. Then a miraculous thing happened. With one accord they paused and said: "We do not right; this is a day of good tidings and we hold our peace."

I

Christians in thinking of the Good News for our spiritually famished world might begin with these lepers: "We are not doing right." This is a moral universe. God has put into the hearts of men a conscience that, when not stifled knows that some things are eternally right and some are eternally wrong. Natural law, spoken of by St. Paul in his first chapter to the Romans, has been one of the bulwarks of our western civilization. The very existence of right and wrong are ignored by many modern people. But sociologists have gone beyond their evidence in saying that morals are but customs and are relative. The soldier in the Pacific realizes that he has to be out here because Japan long flouted universal moral principles. Ultimately this is what they once fought and not for rubber and automobiles. How false is it to say today that there are no universal moral principles and that each nation can violate them without dire consequences.

II

The Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes are not the mores of an ancient people, but fundamental laws of the human soul. Though there is a great diversity in customs, moral principles are universal. The "Fuzzy Fuzzies," as we have seen, have moral standards not so far below ours. There can be only one answer to Cain's question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

This is a moral world. It has cost us dearly to relearn this. Let us brace up the souls of men with this good news from the Eternal.

But we know by experience that moral principles alone lack the power to impel men to climb the steep mountains of the higher life. For many centuries China has had before her the lofty disciplines of Confucius and Mencius. In fact, Mo-Ti, an ancient sage, advocated universal love and a strong denunciation of war. Men admire ideals, but they find something in them that wars against the laws of the mind. With St. Paul they confess "The good that I would do I do not, and the evil that I would not do that I do. O miserable man, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Soon after my arrival in China in 1929, I heard a speech by Lin Yutang that has greatly impressed me. He

said that the greatest evil of China was not opium, not graft, not poverty. The evil that weakened China was a lack of moral earnestness. He described merry old China as "an old man beyond good and evil, at the touch of whose breath every flower of idealism must wither and die." True it seemed in 1929, but today a new spirit and a new life sustain the Chinese in their eighth year of war as they go about with hope in the future of their country. This transformation from stagnation and decadence to vital life and creative reconstruction is the fruit of the Good News of Christ that has inspired so many in that ancient land.

Lack of moral earnestness was not confined to China; the whole world was blighted by this depressive paganism. After the bitter experiences of this war, we are finding that man-made systems and ideologies have failed to bring us into the presence of God or give us good news about sin and eternity. We have been made to realize the inadequacy of men, and our dependence on something greater than ourselves. We begin to long for a Power that can redeem us from self-centeredness and the sense of futility. To this hard-bitten generation can good news come from any man? And so people of the world begin to lift up their eyes to the hills for the heralds of Glad Tidings from the Eternal and all-powerful God.

Before entering the Army, I received a letter proposing a visit from a life-long friend, whom I had not seen for twelve years. Eagerly I went down to meet him, but to my disappointment I could not find him on the train. Late the next night he called me on the phone and arranged to see me. He said, "I lay my cards on the table; I am a drunkard and have been since the World War. I have no pleasure in it, but I know that I can never quit." He said the doctors had told him that one or two more sprees and he would die.

For four days we tired everything to get him off liquor, but to no avail. Finally, we took him in an ambulance to a hospital. The doctors smiled when I asked if he could be cured. I left a Bible with him and called his sister long distance. She told me that for years she had held him in her love and prayers and had faith that he would finally be saved from the demon of alcohol. My moral platitudes were flat and impotent. He was saved by reaching out for the redeeming power of Christ, and now with joy he slowly builds back his health. He had accepted God as his helper in working out a new way of life.

III

But what about our world? The Christian Church is having a new birth of the Spirit of God. As we learned of the heroic struggles of Niemoeller in Germany, Bergraav in Norway, and in every occupied country, we realize that the darkness did not put out the light.

The Christian Church stands today on the threshold of a new era. Chaplains report everywhere that though there is no great return to religion, yet most soldiers are expectantly listening for the Good News. Our religion was born in an occupied country and has grown strong through its suffering. Long in eclipse it sees the morning break. Its fellowship unbroken by war, the Church marches forward with new hope. For it knows that it alone has the Good News for the world.

THEY SAID IT!

● *An apt quotation is oft as good as an original remark*

Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.

—*Helen Keller*

"Gentlemen of Princeton," said President McCosh in a baccalaureate sermon, "Say your prayers every night and shave every morning."

If an earthquake were to engulf England tomorrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event. —*Douglas William Jerrold*

It is one of the anomalies of history that when the Puritan hanged the Quaker, both were happy—the one to hang a man for his belief, the other to die for his belief. —*Mark Sullivan*

A new idea is like a new born child; the first thing is, keep it alive, feed it, make it grow. Afterward, if an idea does not turn out well, you can drop it.

—*Samuel S. McClure*

For in that nebulous, indefinable hope the idealist is convinced with Job that his redeemer liveth, that life is worth while, that dreams come true, that man's visions are God's reality. —*William Allen White*

Mirth is God's medicine; everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life—should be scoured off by the oil of mirth. —*Orison S. Marden*

Remember that mud thrown is ground lost! —*Wingspread*

When a society dispenses with God, and rejects all the binding imperatives, the only binding power that remains is sheer physical force itself.

—*Pitirim Sorokin*

Find out how a man spends his money and you will find the real man.

—*Phillip Guedella*

When a friend is in trouble don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do; think up something appropriate and do it.

—*E. W. Howe*

Of a certain man who had misrepresented him, Mr. Winston Churchill said that while he did not wish to call him a liar, he would say that he was guilty of "terminological inactitude."

Draw a silk handkerchief once a year over Plymouth Rock until the rock is a pebble. So long has the world existed. —*Louis Agassiz*

Does not war, after all, begin in the minds of men? —*Clement Attlee*

Some people want to go to heaven for the same reason that they want to go to California—their relatives are there. —*Raymond Becker*

Once I saw a mighty elephant seeking to doze off, to dream, doubtless, of his monstrous ancestors—but a fly kept him awake. —*Mark Twain*

We've had the United States for a long time, but now we have the United Nations and there's talk about a United Church. —*Oregon-Jesuit*

• *An address delivered Memorial Day, 1945, Island of Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides*

In Memoriam

By Former Chaplain Eldon W. Borell

AS we meet this afternoon to do honor to our fallen comrades I would that I might bring some words of comfort to those of you who in this war have lost brothers or others especially dear to you. But there is scarcely an occasion when one is made more poignantly aware of the impotence of speech. Mingled with your grief, however, may well be a feeling of pride and satisfaction that your loved ones have died valiantly; they have died while serving their country and their fellowmen; they have died while serving you and me.

But have they really died? Or is it that they merely have passed through a gate, as it were, and are continuing their lives unseen by us who remain behind in this earthly tabernacle? We know the Christian answer. Easter is the most joyous festival of the year because it proclaims the immortality of the soul. Admittedly death is a mystery, but I submit it is no greater mystery than life. If you have lost a loved one, or should in the days to come, fortified by the Christian hope of everlasting life you will be comforted by the assurance "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature can separate us from the love of God."

While earthly life is sweet and we miss those whom we shall see no more, nevertheless, as Christians we bow to the inevitable, accept their departure with serenity, and "sorrow not even as others who have no hope."

Some two hundred thousand of our comrades have already been slain in this war, while thousands of others have been cruelly crippled, maimed, and disfigured. Why should these have been marred for suffering, while we go on unscathed? It is the age-old principle of vicarious suffering—the few bearing the burden of the many, suffering, sometimes, even unto death. Nurtured in Christian doctrine, you have often been told that "you have been bought with a price," that "Christ died for you." Yes, evil brought about the death of Christ. He died because of the sins of the many. In a still further sense you have been "bought with a price." These men whom we honor today have died because of evil in the world—cruelty, tyranny, ruthless barbarism. They have died that we might live in at least some measure of freedom and security; they have given their all in the struggle to bring about a better world, which you and I and millions of others shall enjoy.

That being the case, what right—what *right,* I ask—has any one of us to live? Our lives have been purchased at the expense of others. What ingrates are we then if we go on living for ourselves alone! We have a debt to pay—a debt we never can pay during all our years of life. But we fail our slain comrades, if we do not "take the torch from fallen hands," and if we do not go on from where they have left off, bending our efforts to make this world a more decent and habitable place in which to live.

That is the cause for which they died; that is the cause for which we must live. Let us not fail! God give us strength and wisdom for the task!

Our prayers ascend for the souls of these our comrades lying on distant battlefields beneath Crosses and Stars of David. "May light perpetual shine upon them and may their souls rest in peace."

Your Class in Homiletics

DAVID HUME, the skeptic, after he had heard the Reverend John Brown of Haddington said, "The old man preaches as if Christ were at his elbow."

"ACTORS speak of imaginary things as if they were real, while you preachers too often speak of things real as if they were imaginary," said Thomas Betterton, the actor, to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ONE OF THE ANCIENTS, upon hearing a verbose young general, said: "Young man, thy words are like the cypress, tall and large, but they bear no fruit."

A MAN may set forth his own learning and eloquence in a fine sermon, but the true sign of success is when his words induce people off bad habits. —*St. Francis of Sales*

THIS COUNSEL by Dr. James Jackson, in *Advice to a Young Physician,* may be profitable to chaplains: "Enter the sick room with grave demeanor; then the patient will know you feel for him. But leave it with a cheerful countenance, so that the sick man will think that his case is not too serious."

DURING THE DAYS of long sermons in New England, the faithful planted fennel in their gardens to whiff or nibble to keep them awake during church. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who seldom missed a Sunday at Kings Chapel, Boston, said: "There is a little plant called Reverence in the corner of my soul's garden, which I love to have watered about once a week." When he was chided for falling asleep one morning he replied: "Possibly, but when I woke up the minister was preaching very well." And that counts—fennel or no fennel.

• *In a historic program chaplains have taken strides*

Chaplains Recruit for Pulpit

By John Oliver Nelson, D.D.

(Director, Commission on the Ministry, Federal Council of Churches)

"THIS idea of being a minister never hit me until I saw our chaplain for this outfit in action. . . ." "I didn't realize the chaplain was really going to send my name in for the ministry, but I'm sure glad he did. . . ." "This word from the Church, because of my chaplain's interest, is about the most welcome thing that's happened to me overseas."

This kind of comment is usual in a great mass of correspondence from service men to denominational executives and the new Commission on the Ministry of the Federal Council of Churches. It results from the most constructive united effort Protestantism has thus far initiated in enlistment for the ministry. The story of that undertaking is a highlight of chaplain service in World War II.

Chaplains Making History: Most chaplains are well aware how the project began. The General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains sent out a request in 1944 that chaplains might record and send in data on young men they found who had intentions toward a church vocation. Behind this concern was the anxiety of many churchmen that war might not shut off the supply of candidates for the ministry. Word had come also that in Great Britain several thousand ministerial candidates were on record among service personnel. The General Commission put out its request hopefully and prayerfully.

For a time, names sent in were few. But then a rising volume of them began to arrive. Finally by the summer of 1945, the roster submitted surpassed all expectations of the Commission—and genuinely awed even those members who had regarded the project skeptically from the beginning. Both plan and success were precedent-making.

Significantly, this was the first time Protestantism had ever made a united effort in enlistment for the ministry. There had been discussion of such a program in the American Association of Theological Schools, and from time to time in the Federal Council of Churches. But in this pioneer gesture the Church showed its first united concern for young men who might become Christian ministers.

Again, this was the first time in history that men in war had been approached with an actual concern about their post-discharge vocational plans in any field. Military training programs had vaguely indicated post-war usefulness in certain educational advantages offered. But in this project, there is the first instance of concern within the military set-up for any

specific vocational planning for civilian life. It is no coincidence that the ministry, presupposing a more enduring and timeless motive than any other vocation, should be the profession for which intentions were assumed to be unaffected even in combat.

This program also represented the first definite effort put forth by many a chaplain himself in enlisting young men for the ministry. Letters from older chaplains who had been pastors have indicated that never before had they been actually on the lookout for "the right man" to be a minister. As names came also from young chaplains they evidently represented first instances of such a man's talking to a youth about church vocations.

Follow-up of men whose names were sent in, provides a further unprecedented situation in that denominations and seminaries have been supplied with new candidate names from an outside source. Schools have traditionally had few referrals even from pastors. Thus an interdenominational referral of several thousand names, made to church bodies and their schools, is another pioneer step in Protestant enlistment for the ministry.

Numbers That Came in: To date, the number of service men referred by chaplains to the General Commission has been 3,933. Of this total, the largest groups by denomination have been these: Baptist (all groups), 1,028; Methodist, 753; Presbyterian, 348; Lutheran, 259; Episcopal, 239; Disciples, 152; Congregational, 95.

Although a great many service men have shown impatience with denominational divisions to a greater degree than most civilian Christians, only a few have declined to indicate any denominational preference. A few of the referrals have been Jewish; 8 have been Roman Catholics.

Most chaplains have jotted down illuminating comments about the man dealt with in each questionnaire—frankly questioning his ability, or warmly commending him, or giving pertinent data about his attitude or decision. In many cases where the young man's pastor has also been consulted, appraisals recorded by civilian and military advisers have almost invariably agreed.

What Has Been Done with the Names: Handling of referrals after they were received by the General Commission in Washington has been thoroughgoing. Names went monthly to respective denominational executives, most of whom wrote individually to each service man. Then the complete list was handed over to the newly formed Commission on the Ministry of the Federal Council of Churches, which has a special concern in follow-up. In correspondence with 181 theological seminaries this Commission in New York made available to each school the roster of men with whom it might be related: nearly all the seminaries, responding appreciatively to the suggestion of follow-up, have established contact with these men during the past two months. Replacing the usual feeling among candidates that "the Church isn't much interested," there has been in some cases an all too plentiful deluge of correspondence from the denomination or seminary involved! Most of the service men or veterans have no complaint of being undervalued or poorly informed.

As a final step, an informal letter

recently has gone to each man on the entire list from the Commission on the Ministry, enclosing leaflets, and offering every measure of counsel or other aid *in case* a man's denomination has not adequately been in touch with him. Friendly replies and inquiries are still being received in response to this over-all follow-up.

Suggested in part by this project, formation of the Commission on the ministry itself represents a permanent interdenominational effort to continue such enlistment. Its program co-ordinates enlistment for church vocations in the various church groups, and tackles aspects of enlistment which cannot be approached denominationally—such as preparation of public-school guidance materials in this field: films, slides, radio scripts, books, and college interview programs which no denomination can handle alone. Rather than relying for enlistment upon the traditional policy of merely accepting those young men who offer themselves, the Commission definitely sets out to reach a new, possibly unchurched group of youth who do possess special ability and promise of self-dedication.

How Chaplains May Help from Here On: Chaplains, either before or after release, continue to be a nucleus of live, practical ministers equipped by experience to reach youth directly and effectively. It is hoped that they themselves may follow up any particularly promising service man with whom they have had contact. Further, as they re-enter their civilian ministry, they may well apply with new realism that selective concern which we must have, to provide an adequate ministry for coming days. Chaplains equipped with statistics of need in their own communion—most showing alarming needs both for numbers and dedicated ability — are particularly fitted to preach and pray about this definite appeal to youth.

Certainly any chaplain, in service or out of service, should feel free to make referrals or requests to the Commission on the Ministry, Federal Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Its purpose is to further just such concern and intelligence as have made the chaplain referral program a notable and historic step in interdenominational enlistment for church vocations.

☉ More than 1,500,000 were rejected by the Army for mental illness and nervous disorders. The next cause for elimination numbered 400,000. One out of ten men considered unfit for military service had personality disorders.

An authoritative insurance report says that five out of every 100 children born alive in the United States will spend some time in a mental institution.

—Harold F. Carr

☉ Window cleaners are not the only men whose occupation is hazardous. We recently read of a magazine editor who dropped eleven stories into a waste basket.

☉ An evangelist asked all those who wanted to go to heaven to rise. All but one stood. When asked why he did not stand, the man replied, "I didn't know you were going right now." —Michigan Christian Advocate

• *Courage, interwoven with steadfastness to duty, is the cloth of which chaplains are made!*

"I'd Do It All Over Again"

By Chaplain Alfred C. Oliver, Jr.

IN 1916 America began to take sides over the question of military preparedness and on the first of June of that year, I enrolled in the military training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. I almost was turned down for the Army since doctors said that my 215 pounds of avoirdupois would make it impossible for me to keep up on the long hikes that would be required. They were wrong, for I never missed a formation and although sometimes over half my company fell out and had to ride in the ambulances that followed our column, I completed each hike on my own "dogs."

No one in this camp ever learned that I was a minister as I wanted no favoritism. I'm able to look back on that month's experiences as invaluable in giving me a correct understanding of the GI's viewpoint.

When war came in 1917, I informed the official board of my church that I was going to apply for a chaplaincy in the regular Army. As I look back upon it I can see that they thought I was a misguided enthusiast—in fact, some of the good ladies of the congregation intimated that I was leaving because I wanted to get away from my growing family.

When I finally received my commission in October, 1917, I left my wife at home with four sons. Like all important decisions in our lives, however, we had talked over most carefully the question of my entering the service and had agreed that it was the only course for a minister who loved his country and was willing to help meet the spiritual needs of the men who enlisted in her citizen army. I have always felt that during World War I, my wife had a far harder time caring for those four boys through illness. I am sure that her brave letters to me while in France contributed largely to the service that I was able to render.

My first station was as chaplain of the Harbor Defenses of Boston, Mass. Here I served only a few months but just long enough to raise a substantial regimental fund for the 55th Coast Artillery. Late in January, 1918, I was ordered to Camp Meade, Maryland, where the headquarters of the Army Artillery, First Army, was being assembled. And in the first week of April I sailed with them from Hoboken for France on the *USS Agamemnon,* where I functioned as Senior Chaplain of the Army Artillery, First Army,

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Editor's Note: Chaplain Oliver is a survivor of Bataan. He is now retired from the U. S. Army chaplaincy because of permanent disability due to cruelty suffered while detained by the enemy. In this article he tells why he would again choose the career of a chaplain.

until after the Armistice. I contrived to take over with me enough mufflers, helmets, socks and sweaters to equip five regiments, that had sailed before American women realized the need for such equipment.

For some reason I never really understood, there were always at least four regiments of artillery at the front without the services of a chaplain. It was a pleasure to travel from one end of the line to the other visiting these various outfits, preaching for them and supplying their needs.

It is hard for a chaplain coming into the service from civilian life to understand the hearts and minds of the men behind the cold, severe army expressions. One of my most precious memories illustrates this. It is something that happened the morning after the Germans attacked at Chateau Thierry. Everyone in my headquarters had worked all night and the officers had gone down to breakfast preoccupied and tense.

Since it was the last formal meal that we were to have together during many days, we all stood fingering the backs of our chairs waiting for the "old man" to enter. Finally someone called, "Attention!" and the commanding general came in with his aide, walked briskly to his place at the head of the table, but instead of seating himself, he slowly looked us over, up and down the entire table. Suddenly he barked, "Gentlemen, have you said your prayers?" He must have caught my expression for he said, "I mean this most seriously; the Germans have broken through and the only thing that will save France, and perhaps America, is the thin line of American troops which we have strung along the south bank of the Marne. The only thing that can make our stand successful is God Almighty! If you haven't prayed for help, I trust you will."

Ever since that day I have learned to look deeper than the expression on a man's face for the evaluation of his true character. Never have I doubted the importance of God's place in the midst of battle.

When World War I ended, I was eager to get home to my family and the question arose in my mind whether it would be wise to resign from the Army and take a pastorate. After careful and prayerful consideration, I decided that the opportunities for Christian service were greater in the Army.

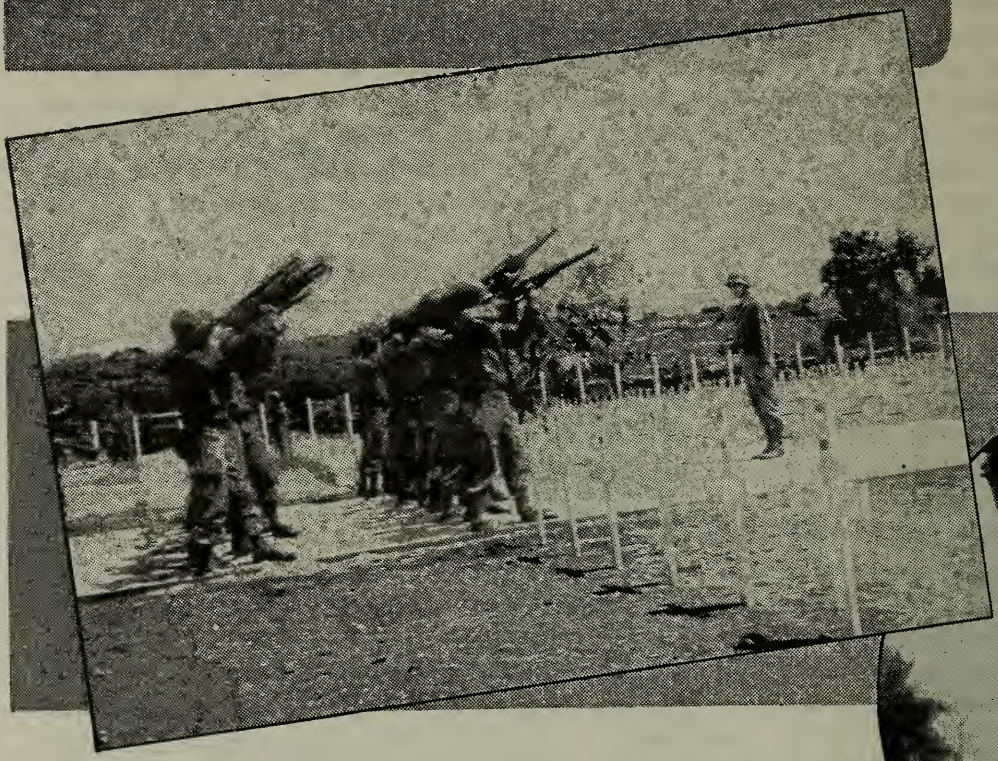
Then came a period of post life to which I look back with a great deal of satisfaction. During the winter I was drawn close to the men of my own outfit and was the main source of spiritual guidance for them and their families. During the summer, R.O.T. camps and C.M.T. camps brought contacts with large numbers of the outstanding youth of America. It was a wonderful opportunity for constructive spiritual leadership which has borne fruit down through the years.

I never visualized that my Army service would end with retirement for permanent disability, but even the horrors of Bataan and the cruelties of a Japanese prison camp have their compensations. It means something to have been the spiritual leader of a large group of men in the hour of their extreme need, and to lead them into close fellowship with God.

What happened to me personally is insignificant compared with the opportunity of representing Christ in the Army—America's most satisfactory field for Christian service. As I look back, I can honestly say, "I'd do it all over again."

"No G

(*Official*
Signal



(ABOVE) *At a memorial service on Saipan, rifle squads fire a volley over the graves of those who died in battle.* (CIRCLE) *Ch. Clark J. Wood, conducts a memorial service at a U. S. Military Cemetery in Brittany, France.*

(BELOW) *While the National Ensign flies at half-staff, a cortege of ambulances roll into a cemetery on Guam for burial rites as victims of the Jap suicide-plane attack on the Navy hospital ship "USS Comfort" were buried.*

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(ABOVE) *Ch. D. B. Cordes (in foreground) conducts memorial services aboard a U. S. carrier at sea, as Navy men bow their heads in silent reverence to the memory of their buddies.* (BELOW, CENTER PHOTO) *On Okinawa in June, 1945, memorial services were held for Chaplain Floyd Withrow.*

(BELOW) *"The crosses, row on row" mark their places—not in Flanders—but in an Army cemetery on New Caledonia, one of many in the Pacific.*

NEWS AND VIEWS

General Jonathan M. Wainwright was invited to attend the services of the 100th anniversary of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, on March 7. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, great-grandfather of the General, was rector of the Church from 1821 to 1834.

Columbia Theological Seminary, Decatur, Ga., has received from the Navy a citation in recognition of its work in training Navy chaplains. The award was presented by Captain Robert Strite, commanding officer of the Navy V-12 program in the Atlanta area.

Union Theological Seminary will offer eight fellowships to students from overseas, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, the president has announced. Each student will receive $1,000 from the Seminary for a year of graduate study.

Princeton University will celebrate its bicentennial beginning next September and continuing throughout the academic year. The College of New Jersey, later called Princeton, was granted a charter by John Hamilton, governor of the State in 1746.

Vanderbilt University. Through a gift of Dr. John Louis Kesler, Vanderbilt University School of Religion has established a circulating library for rural ministers. Dr. Kesler is professor emeritus of religious education of the university in Nashville, Tenn.

Professor Clarence Linton has been named adviser to veterans at Teachers College, Columbia University. On a three-year leave of absence with the Army, he established the off-duty education program in the ETO, including the founding of the Armed Forces Institute.

Russian Bibles. The first Bibles to be printed in Russia since the 1917 revolution have been published by the Greek Orthodox Church, according to a Moscow broadcast.

Colgate University alumni have raised $66,204 for war memorial scholarships which will honor twenty-three men who died in World War I and 119 who are known to have died in World War II.

Revival for Britain. The Assembly of the Church of England has voted in London to launch a five-year four-million-dollar advertising program which will utilize the theater, radio, press and other media to bring about a religious revival in Britain.

Former Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota has resumed his duties as president of the International Council of Religious Education. Stassen has been on leave of absence from the Council for the past thirty months while he served in the Navy.

Religion and Labor. A national conference on religion and labor was held in Detroit recently by representatives of labor organizations and official and unofficial church social action groups. Willard Uphaus, New Haven, Conn., director of the National Religion and Labor Foundation was named as executive secretary.

Amherst College. New president of Amherst College, Mass., after July 1, will be Dr. Charles W. Cole when Stanley King, president for fourteen years, will retire.

Rear Admiral Earle W. Mills of Little Rock, Arkansas, has been nominated as chairman of the Maritime Commission to replace Vice Admiral Emory S. Land who resigned recently.

Church building boom. The United States is facing the biggest church building boom in its history according to leading architects who attended the North American Conference on Church Architecture.

Anniversary. In 1946 the African Methodist Episcopal Church will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of its missionary work in South Africa. Even older than the South African missions are those of the denomination in Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Gold Coast and Nigeria.

Union Theological Seminary, New York City, has been given a scroll in recognition of the services in training chaplains for the Navy. The presentation was made at winter graduation exercises held in James Memorial Chapel.

Capt. Jean T. Palmer of Omaha has been appointed Director of the WAVES in succession to Captain Mildred McAfee Horton, president of Wellesley College.

Missionaries. An estimated 2,000 Protestant missionaries will be back at work in China within two years, and from 500 to 800 will return within a year.

Did You Know That . .

. . . Burris Jenkins, Jr., cartoonist on a New York daily is a son of the late Burris A. Jenkins, long the pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . According to the War Department there were 247 Negro chaplains in the Army when the personnel was at its peak?

. . . More than 18,000 dogs were donated to the Army of which 10,000 were trained and issued for active military duty?

. . . Chaplain Clifford M. Drury, USNR, editor of the *Army and Navy Chaplain,* is preparing a three-volume history of the chaplains of the Navy?

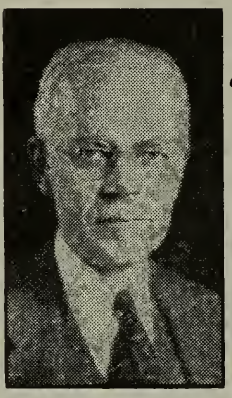
. . . Among chaplains of the Revolutionary War who became prominent educators were Timothy Dwight, president of Yale University; Naphtali Daggett, first professor of Divinity at Yale and for a time its president; Samuel Kirkland, founder of Hamilton College, and Samuel Spring who survived the perilous expedition to Quebec and returned to found Andover Theological Seminary?

. . . John Roy Steelman, chief of the United States Conciliation Service, once studied theology at Vanderbilt University with a view to becoming a Methodist minister?

. . . Congress refused the proposal of Alexander Hamilton, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, to stamp coins with the heads of presidents on the ground that it smacked of monarchy?

THOUGHT-STARTERS

A Department Dedicated To "Priming the Pump"



By Halford Luccock, D.D.

Exciting "Whodunit"

That's a strange looking word—a "whodunit." Yet, everyone will recognize the word; it is the common slang term for a detective or murder story. The point is to track the criminal through some clue he has left and discover who committed the murder. Usually the story begins along about page ten, with the finding of a corpse on the library floor or in the fish pool, and everyone on hand at the time is brought under suspicion. Was it the butler, the eccentric uncle, or the Archbishop of Canterbury who happened to be a week-end guest? We have all killed many interesting hours in solving such mysteries, or in trying to name the murderer.

It is not too great a stretch of the imagination to say that the greatest "whodunit" of all is the mystery of the earth itself and human life on it. The greatest of all mystery stories is "The Mystery of the Whirling Ball"—our earth, whirling through space. Where did it come from? What is the source of it all? How did man, with all his strange capacities and powers, ever develop? In other words—Who Did It?

Look up into the sky on a starry night, and give your mind a chance to wonder. Part of the wonder is expressed in the hymn by Joseph Addison:

The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Who did it? Does it sound reasonable to you to say that some great masses of gas bumped into each other and our earth, with all the wonders of creation, is the result—just the blind result of a traffic accident in the milky way? Yet, that is substantially what we accept unless we believe in a Creator God.

Or take the wonder of people: the people you know, not plaster saints, but actual people with their limitations and faults. Yet we take our hats off to many of them because they have such capacities as sheer unselfishness, loyalty, the ability to sacrifice themselves without blinking an eye and never think of themselves as heroes at all! Where did all that come from? Can we give any reasonable explanation at all, except that it comes from something in the universe with the same qualities of love and sacrifice?

Or consider another mystery: The character of Jesus. Talk about the eight wonders of the world—there is One Wonder that tops them all! How did mankind ever get from the mud

and slime up the steep ascent to Jesus unless there is a power in the universe like unto Jesus himself?

If, then, we give our vote for a faith in a God, like Jesus, who made the earth and created the wonder of human personality, there can be nothing on earth as important as to bring our lives into harmony with that power and that purpose of love revealed in Jesus.

When You Get Lost

THERE IS a wise old law of the woods which has saved the lives of lots of people. It says that when you are lost in the woods there are two things to do. The first is *climb a tree.* Then you can see the lay of the land, get a view of the fixed points, and thus learn the direction to go. Second, *go back to the place where you were last sure of your position.* This will give you a dependable starting point a lot better than going around in circles.

Both of these rules apply to another kind of being "lost." That is, being lost in the sense of being confused about whether a thing is the right thing to do. Some urge comes on us that gets us morally confused and in the presence of a strong desire we don't think straight; the pull of the satisfaction of the moment is stronger than the long view. At such a time one thing to do is to "climb a tree" or get up to some place in your thinking where you can get a long view.

That is what worship does for us—it enables us to look at things from a height and then we can see more than the immediate urge. We can see life from the long-range view, see it from the height of God's measurement of things, and get the right perspective. In a time of moral and mental strain and confusion, it is also good to go back in our thinking to "the place we were last sure."

There are places in the lives of all of us when there were things of which we were sure. It may be the memory of a father or mother, or a friend about whom we could say, "Whatever else in the world is wrong, they are right." Then we can measure our contemplated act by their way of life. We know in our bones that it is better to tell the truth than to lie, that it is better to be brave than to be a coward, that it is better to be chaste than promiscuous like an animal. If we go back to that place, there will be a way out.

Character As a World Force

THERE is quite a common feeling abroad that in a day such as ours, so full of world issues, that the question of what kind of person the individual is, seems insignificant.

Some people feel, inasmuch as the big issues will be decided by United Nations conferences or the action of great powers, that it is "pretty small potatoes" to make very much fuss about the kind of person any one of the more than two billion inhabitants of the world happens to be.

Here are the words of a man who thinks differently. This statement is the more arresting in that it is not the word of a preacher, but of one of the ablest businessmen in the United States: Beardsley Ruml, now an executive of Macy's big New York store, and formerly director of the Federal Reserve Banking System. Mr. Ruml has lately made it clear that there is no hope from any program of any sort without a transformation of individual character. Here is what he said:

"We in the United States are not prepared. Too many men despise women. Too many Christians despise Jews. This lack of sympathy and respect extends not only across group lines, but also operates within the groups themselves. The moral and psychological basis for world peace does not yet exist even at home. We need not be perfectionists but we must realize that there must be a profound change in human attitudes if we are to succeed in establishing a just and durable peace."

Those words, "a profound change," get clear out of the realm of political power and programs. They are in the realm of the chemistry of character, in the realm of religion.

The chaplain can go on from this point to stress the place of individual religion and character as the foundation of a better world.

Crusoe in Modern Clothes

HUNDREDS of thousands of men are a lot better able to appreciate the story of Robinson Crusoe than ever before, as a result of their experience of having been on a South Sea island. True, they weren't alone, but they can understand the conditions and surroundings a lot better.

The story of Robinson Crusoe, as Defoe wrote it, was a stirring tale of one man's wit and courage pitted against all that nature could bring against him.

There are other kinds of Robinson Crusoes whose tale today is anything but a noble one. They are the people who have immured themselves on some little island of their own construction; they do not join the mainland of human relationship. Such people are on an island of self. And no matter if they live in the midst of the most crowded city in the world, they are still on an island. They are "monarch of all they survey" for they never survey anything more compelling than themselves. They never even see clearly another human footprint, as Robinson Crusoe saw the footprint of Friday.

Let the chaplain paint a picture of the different kinds of "island dwellers" in the world today, the small amount of value they get out of life, and the block they make to everything that depends on co-operation for its success. Then show the Christian alternative to being a Robinson Crusoe.

The Tragedy of Peter Pan

WHILE WE ARE discussing children's stories, here is another: Do you remember Peter Pan? He was Barrie's hero in the play that Maude Adams made famous about forty years ago. He was "the little boy who never grew up." As Barrie told the story in the play it was a delightful comedy, full of the spirit of youth. But as it is often played out in real life, the boy who won't ever grow up is anything but an attractive character.

The world is too full of adolescent oldsters. They are people who carry over into adult years the attitudes and habits of an infant. They yell for what they want and raise a terrible fuss when they don't get it. They suffer from a bad disease—adult infantilism. They have a child's delusions of importance, a child's self-centeredness and often a child's tantrums when they don't get the center of the stage. The child mind is characterized also by a blurred inability to make the distinctions necessary to competent judgments. When this survives into adult years, the world is shrouded in a fog in which

the person is the prey of his chance impressions, his prejudices and ignorances.

Against this, set the ideal of Paul: "In mind be men" and "grow up into Christ." "When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I argued like a child; now that I am a man, I am done with childish ways." (I Cor. 13:11, Moffatt.)

"The Brain Muscles In"

✓ IN ONE OF THE most effective books of war correspondents on Germany before the beginning of World War II, *Last Train from Berlin* by E. K. Smith, there is an arresting sentence which brings suggestions for a wide area of life. Mr. Smith is writing about the vast and terrifying military shows that Hitler put on at Nuremberg before 1939. He tells how first he responded emotionally to the display, the clockwork precision of the troops and the gaudy showmanship. Then he says, "But as the newness loses its grip on your faculties, your brain silently muscles into territory that had belonged entirely to your senses and emotions."

That is a great sentence in five words: "*Your brain silently muscles in.*" In these words and in the picture they bring, lie the hope of the world. How much of the social advance of a thousand years and more has come when the brain of man has "muscled in" to territory that formerly was given over to the senses and emotions! Witchcraft, dueling, torture, all kinds of weird superstitions held sway over man, and then gradually the brain "muscled in" and occupied the territory.

Look at the need today for the same thing. For one thing, look at the life of an individual. Many a man has been saved for usefulness and enjoyment when the brain "muscled in" on the process of making a drunkard of himself, and said "Look here, old man, don't be a blamed fool. Pull yourself together before you go over the cliff."

The chaplain will think of many other situations in which the clear action of the brain, looking things in the face and calling them by their right names, such things as promiscuous sex relations, gambling, violent temper, has taken over the chaotic rule of emotions.

Think of it in regard to racial, religious and class and national antagonisms. Emotional rule, unchecked in those realms, has brought disaster on a large scale, and this is also true in international relations. We cannot leave the senses and crude emotions to keep rule. The brain must "muscle in."

As Though You Were a Visitor

✓ THE QUOTATION above comes from the last person on earth you would expect to hear quoted in an address to the armed forces—Mrs. Emily Post. Life in the Army and Navy is not conducted according to Emily Post's rules of etiquette. Our table manners do not follow the approved Emily Post patterns; sometimes finger bowls and napkins are entirely missing.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Post has something on the ball in this particular quotation. She is writing on decorating a home and she gives this advice: "Go into your house sometime as though you had never been there before. Look it over as though you were a visitor."

Well, certainly if we did that it would give us a new slant. We might look at that red sofa, which came

down from the days of the American Revolution (perhaps George Washington slept on it) and it would strike us differently from usual, if we looked at it making believe we were a visitor. Possibly, under such circumstances, we might even ask ourselves, "Where did you get that refugee from a junk pile?"

How about looking over your own life from the same viewpoint? You are used to the things you do, and the way you live; you have become so habituated to yourself that you really do not raise any questions to your personal actions. But look at your life as though you were seeing yourself for the first time and ask yourself how you like it. Ask, "Is this really the kind of thing you think is the best you can do or have? Do you actually *like it,* as you look at it from the point of view of a visitor giving it the first glimpse?"

Whittle Life Down

"WHITTLE LIFE down to your size." This advice comes from an article in a woman's magazine. In the article there was a good deal of sense in the way it was used. The author was cautioning against the habit of looking at a job or an undertaking all at once, with the result that its size is liable to overwhelm us and get us down into the dumps of "What's the use?"

The only way any job that is worth while ever seems possible is taking it bit by bit. Unless we "whittle it down" into day-by-day sizes, we are apt to be sort of paralyzed by it.

All this is good sense. But the words may also stand for a pernicious habit of whittling life down to your size in a very bad and ruinous sense. Such advice taken too seriously may lead us never to undertake anything big at all, but to leave out everything that is beyond our particular size at the moment. The result will be the destruction of all capacity of growth.

Some people whittle life down to the size of their prejudices. They even whittle life down to the size of their physical appetites, and anything bigger than those is out. To others the whittling process consists in eliminating everything that does not make for their particular advantage on a material level.

The world owes its progress to men and women who refused to do that kind of whittling. George Washington did not whittle things down to the size of a prosperous Virginia planter, and what would make for his own personal financial advantage; had he done so, he would have supported the Tory side in the American Revolution. He could easily have said, "Why should I risk anything for a bunch of riff-raff, like the Sons of Liberty. They are not my size." He brought himself up to the size of something bigger than he was, to the side of liberty and a nation in the process of being born.

What are some of the most common kinds of bad "whittling down" that we are liable to do? What is the alternative to this?

MOTTO in Christian church for Negroes in Kansas City, Missouri, reads: "Wake up, sing up, preach up, pray up, pay up, stay up, and never give up, or let up, or back up, or shut up, until the cause of Christ in this church and the world is built up." —CHURCH BUSINESS

ILLUSTRATIONS

The fifty nations that attended the San Francisco Conference have received seeds of the General Sherman Tree. This giant of the forest located in the Sequoia National Park, California, is as tall as a skyscraper, as wide as a city street and contains enough lumber to build 500 five-room houses. Senders of the seeds of the famous tree pronounced them as "living symbol of international fraternity." It took more than 4,000 years for the seed of the parent tree to become the largest living thing on this earth. Ideas about "international fraternity" have been of discouragingly slow growth. But when half a hundred nations accept the seeds of the largest thing on earth as symbols of "international fraternity" it signifies that a thing of immense proportions is getting rooted.

Fiorello H. La Guardia asked what he intended to do after his 11-year term as mayor of New York City had expired replied: "I will not lose interest in my city. I may not be in office, but if anything goes wrong, I'll always find a soap box." That same type of vigilance the Church has always needed.

Plans have been inaugurated to create a national monument of the Alamogarda Bombing Range in New Mexico, site of the first experiment with the atomic bomb on July 16, 1945. Secretary of the Interior Ickes declared that the historic event "presages the use of atomic power not only as a forceful influence toward the maintenance of world peace, but also as an instrument, through use in peace, for the creation of a better standard of living throughout the world." Usually Americans look for the best in everything. Someone has said that "man's defense against man must be something other than weapons."

Daniel Webster is remembered as "The Great Expounder of the Constitution." When a boy of eight he was given a handkerchief upon which was printed the Constitution of 1787. Some of the neighbors emphasized the document's defects and dangers. But about his father's hearthside, the little country boy heard only of its beauty, its value and its necessity. He memorized it, studied it, came to revere and defend it. Veneration for sacred things such as the Church, the Bible and the Sabbath usually have their sources in parental loyalties.

There is a story of a captain who sent a bundle of newspapers to castaways on a desert island. He instructed his mate to deliver this message: "We are not sure that you will want to be rescued after you have read them." It's true that writers have about exhausted their powers to describe this "broken," "bruised," "bleeding" and "battle-scarred" world. And with domestic affairs similar to those that have followed every other war, America offers no green Utopian swards upon which to loll. Jesus never promised that to his followers. It is time to quit syndicating the world's afflictions. Were the incidents not so common that they have no news value, it would be possible to send to cast-

aways a bundle of papers containing accounts of so many generous deeds, such examples of Christian living, such brave efforts to establish the Golden Rule, and innumerable other items that display honor and faith, that maroooned readers might get the idea that the Kingdom of God had become pretty well established in America during their absence.

•••

While placing a wreath on the grave of a comrade an American soldier observed an old Chinese placing a bowl of rice on a near-by grave. "When do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?" asked the amused soldier. "Same time," replied the old Chinese with a smile, "that your friend comes up to smell the flowers." The language of love expressed in native customs is worthy of respect.

•••

An unknown writer has expressed the urgency of the Christian worker's mission as follows: "We face a humanity that is too precious to neglect. We know a remedy for the ills of the world too wonderful to withhold. We have a Christ who is too precious to hide. We have an adventure that is too thrilling to miss."

•••

Recently a Congressman told members of the House that atoms were so small that 100,000,000 of them placed side by side would measure only an inch. The same day a senator notified his colleagues that an authority had warned that one atomic bomb might wipe out 44,000,000 Americans. It is amazing how much destruction lurks in little things once they are organized to serve the devices of man. Hiroshima, a city of 300,000 population, was left with not a single building standing intact. The power latent in small sins has a way of demolishing character.

John C. Fremont, "The Pathfinder," printed this account of what he did when on August 23, 1842, he came to Independence Rock, Wyoming: "I engraved on this rock of the far West a symbol of the Christian faith. . . . I made on the hard granite the impression of a large cross, which I covered with a black preparation of India rubber to resist the influences of wind and rain." Later travelers thinking that the symbol smacked of Catholicism actually dynamited the cross on the Rock and later when Fremont ran for President of the United States his act was made an issue for his defeat. Intolerance along the historic trail a century ago, the same as along the human trail today, destroys much that Jesus sought to perpetuate.

•••

Across in Georgetown, a part of Washington, D. C., "Gunbarrel Fence" encloses three residences. The curious fence consists of over a hundred musket barrels with the stock ends embedded in a low wall and the muzzles tipped with bayonets. The weapons which probably have taken their toll of human life in battle now surround some of the loveliest flower gardens in Washington. The implement of human destruction now stand as mute sentinels over peace and beauty which follows the scriptural formula of beating swords into plowshares.

•••

Posted in the briefing room of an American airbase were these words: "By all the known laws which can be proved on paper or in the wind tunnel, the bumblebee cannot fly. The size of his wings in relation to his body, according to mathematical and aeronautical science, simply means on paper that he cannot fly. It is an impossibility. But, of course, the bumblebee doesn't know these rules, so he goes ahead and flies anyway."

• *New light on the tragedy that shocked the world a year ago*

I Buried Ernie Pyle

By Chaplain Nathaniel B. Saucier

I HAD many unusual experiences in the Pacific war. Although some were heartbreaking and others were extremely exciting and dangerous, perhaps none was beyond that of any other combat chaplain. The fighting in the Pacific was as different from that in the European Theater as is possible to imagine. Our campaigns were fast, furious and of brief duration. In Europe they were long drawn out, with a high toll of casualties.

The most notable incident during my service as chaplain so far as public attention was concerned, was the recovery and burial of the body of Ernie Pyle. I was then the Regimental Chaplain of the 305th Infantry, 77th Division. We had been through enough campaigns to give us calm and poise, if battle experience ever can be said to furnish these qualities. Nothing excited our curiosity any more, it seemed. Thus when the news arrived that Ernie Pyle was in our area there were no hats thrown into the ocean, although one did hear the men talk quietly of their esteem for this great and courageous friend of the doughboy.

I was down on the beach of Ie Shima helping to establish a cemetery when the executive officer called over the portable phone and told me that Ernie Pyle had been killed a few minutes before, up near the front. He requested that I have someone evacuate his body as soon as it was safe. There was still plenty of firing up there. We could hear it from the cemetery and knew that it wasn't safe by any means, but when I told the sad news to the fellows gathered around where we were working, four of them immediately volunteered to go with me after the body of their hero. They were Cpl. Robert D. Toaz, my assistant from New Jersey, Cpl. Paul Sharpiro, Passaic, N. J., Sgt. Minter Moore, Elkins, West Va., and Sgt. Arthur J. Austin, Tekamah, Nebr.

After a short delay we took a small truck and soon arrived in sight of where the body had been reported. There the road was blocked by heavy vehicles that would not attempt to go through. We left our truck at this point and proceeded by foot. By creeping and crawling on the lower side of the road, we reached the body which was lying behind a small fill in the road. About thirty yards ahead the road had a bend in it on a little rise which was openly exposed to a hill approximately 800 yards over in enemy territory. It was assumed that the sniper who killed Ernie was on that hill. The road ran down to the beach which was about 400 yards dis-

The late Ernie Pyle shown taking notes of his conversation with Pv. Ballinger on the Anzio Beachhead, where Ernie served as correspondent in the Mediterranean area prior to going to the Pacific

tant where our ships were unloading supplies.

When we found the famous war correspondent, we placed him on a litter and returned along the same hazardous way by which we reached him. We left the sun glasses and camouflage helmet just as we found he had been wearing them. We expected orders to ship the body back to the States but none came. During this time many soldiers passed by and looked on him with sad faces.

At 11:00 A.M., 20 April, 1945, we laid the body of Ernie Pyle to rest in the presence of about 200 service men including all ranks, all arms of the service and various nationalities. It seemed that all nature called a halt and with bowed head paid respect to a noble man now departed. With the exception of an occasional blast of distant guns and the murmuring of the waves not far away, all was quiet.

Ernie Pyle sleeps among those whom he loved and with whom he served and died. There, not far distant from the beach of Ie Shima, we gave the war's most popular reporter a simple ceremony no different from that given doughboys. I counted it an honor to be called upon to recover and care for the body, and to conduct the funeral service of this universally loved man.

God Is Dead!

"GOD IS DEAD," wrote Friedrich Nietzsche in the second half of the nineteenth century. In this saying Nietzsche laid bare his deepest personal antipathy and spoke prophetically of culture's attitude toward the Divine in the era that was coming. God died and Superman was born. But what happened? God's death in the minds of men brought moral disintegration, cultural anarchy, cold cynicism, the dissolution of international law, and, finally, a world catastrophe.

In these last years Superman, the Man-God, has fought the God-man and every influence that came from Nazareth by all the means in his power. Master races have tried to establish new orders in which the life of mankind would be repatterned after their own image. Today, in consequence, the nations writhe in the fierce flame of God's judgment, and "the inhabitants of the world" have a supreme opportunity to learn righteousness." (*Theology Today*)

• *We, the living, shall remember May 7, 1945, as a day of great deliverance*

May, Month of Memories

By the Acting Editor

AT 2:41 o'clock on the morning of May 7, 1945, in a little red brick schoolhouse at Rheims, France, Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, chief of staff for General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Allied Supreme Commander, with other officers looked on in grim silence while Colonel General Gustaf Jodl and Grand Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg, signed the terms of unconditional surrender.

For every chaplain in the European Theater, V-E meant a cessation of sad and depressing duties. Never again would he pass through the agony of awaiting the return of airmen absent on some hazardous mission. For the Navy chaplain the call to his battle station when his ship became a target for the Luftwaffe or the submarine, would be heard no more nor would the spectacle of the maimed brought to his hospital ship in European waters again greet his eyes. And for chaplains with the ground forces during the 333 days following the landing on the Normandy beaches and the scene of surrender at Rheims, there would be no more battle casualties arriving at hospitals or for burial in the path of war. That is why as long as chaplains who served in the ETO live, they will associate V-E Day with the termination of suffering and death.

May 7, 1945, also will remain a day of remembrance for chaplains because of members of the Corps who all unaware of its arrival, slept beneath the waves or beneath some white crosses that marked the long road to victory. Since V-E Day thousands of chaplains have been returned to civilian life. The peace and security of their present parishes must contrast sharply with the confusion and the anxiety of their war years. It is not strange that the ecstasy of joy and hope in which chaplains upon hearing of the surrender assembled service men to return thanks to God for victory, has not altogether been sustained. Now that a year has passed, attended with the usual disillusionments that follow wars, it may be profitable to ask some questions. Suppose Hitler and Mussolini were in power instead of occupying dishonorable graves, and suppose Goering, Ribbentrop, Doenitz, Streicher, Frank, Jodl, von Papen, Funk, Schacht and their accomplices in crime, were still jingling their medals and rallying their troops and imperiling the seas, what then would be the outlook for liberty and life? That the living are awaiting sentence in a prison in Nuremberg should silence the synics and detractors of our times.

The fact is that May 7, 1945, was a day of great deliverance for mankind augmenting and assuring the final victory of V-J Day. And among those deserving of deathless praise on the first anniversary of V-E Day are the chaplains who left their pulpits that they might by word and example sustain the democratic principles and the Christian ideals of young Americans during the long and bloody ordeal.

BACKFIRE • • •

A department devoted to your right to disagree!

No North Africa "Firsts"?

I AM in receipt of your February Bulletin issue of THE CHAPLAIN. In it you have a paragraph on Army chaplain "Firsts." I am not a claimant to any honors, but I think that I followed in the wake of some chaplains who should be included in any naming of the heroes of our Corps. The first invasion that the armies of the United States made was in North Africa. Too little credit is given to those who had no one to orient them to the actualities of modern warfare. The men who stormed the beaches of Casa Blanca, Oran, Algiers and elsewhere learned things the hard way. I venture to suggest that in the files of the Chief you will find some chaplains of the North African Campaign who are worthy of your listing of "Firsts."

—CHAPLAIN GEORGE RUMNEY

Adds to Olson's Story

ON page 45 of the January issue of THE CHAPLAIN, I note that Chaplain Goodwin T. Olson has viewed the Gutenberg Bible in Gottingen, Germany. Perhaps you would be interested in knowing that my Division entered this same city on 22 April 1945, and on 28 May I had an opportunity to view these two volumes. Only a few days later I made arrangements with the English Colonel who was in charge of Military Government for the city, and he displayed the Gutenberg Bible so that EM of our Division might also be able to see it. We brought some 250 men in trucks to view this ancient and most rare volume.

Chaplain Olson omitted to state that someone with a sharp knife cut the thong which held the clasp on one volume. The vandal then turned to a point within the volume and with this sharp instrument cut a piece of the margin from one of the pages. However, the person guilty of this was kind enough not to destroy a single letter in the old volume.

Nor did Chaplain Olson mention the fact that along with this Bible was a copy of the Psalms which had been handwritten at a much earlier date. Evidently the monk who had performed this task had spent his entire life completing the work.

—CHAPLAIN JAMES W. CONLIN

They Continue to Inquire

I AM now home from overseas duty and my terminal leave was up March 8, 1946, but I should like to continue to receive THE CHAPLAIN so long as it is printed. It has been an added stimulant, and I am personally grateful for it.

Has any "official repudiation of this stigma by the President's military aide cast upon Protestant ministers serving in the armed forces as chaplains" been received as yet? In my opinion the "Important Resolution" which accompanied the December issue represents alertness and fairness on the part of The General Commission. Thank you for it. I have been in transit for quite a little while and my

mail is just now beginning to catch up with me. So I have not heard of any repudiation or expression of regret, nor have I heard of an outright apology on the part of the President's aide. —Chaplain Homer O. Baker

Thinks Dr. Shoemaker Wrong

THEOLOGICAL controversy is unprofitable, unconvincing and unchristian. This letter of protest seeks to promote better inter-faith understandings and not to accentuate doctrinal differences. Its occasion is the article "The Positive Use of Pain" in the January issue of The Chaplain, which seems to state a point of view quite out of line with the purposes of the chaplaincy, and which contains a cheap and unfriendly reference to a great body of Christians who consider that pain and disease are illusions, inconsistent with that divinity which is man's only light and hope. From Genesis to Revelation, the Bible is consistent on the point that God's universe is perfect, good, painless.

The author of that article cites Genesis, but why so persistently argue from the second instead of the first chapter? Why take a primitive creation myth instead of the profoundest spiritual revelation of man as God's image and likeness, and a universe "very good?" St. John's apocalyptic vision describes a new heaven and earth in which "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Did not the Psalmist also reveal God as the holy one "who healeth all thy diseases," and who "sent his word and healed them"? Will anyone dare to call such positive truths Utopian or Polly-annish? Does it make sense to believe that God would deliberately inflict pain, anguish, suffering, disease, death upon his own image and likeness, then turn around and try to undo his own doings? Surely God cannot be infinite good and finite evil at the same time. Is avowal of God's infinite goodness, love, and power, blasphemous as the good brother implies? Is it not indeed unchristian to believe that pain, sickness and death, the very opposite of divinity in action can be anything but illusions?

It is granted that to unillumined, unredeemed human thinking, pain does seem universal. So does death. But does that make it any more real or permanent? More space is given in the Gospels to Jesus' compassionate healing of sickness and alleviating pain than to his doctrinal teaching. If death, the acme of human suffering, is a mysterious permanent fact of human experience, why did St. Paul promise that this "last enemy" shall be destroyed? We agree that pain *has* a meaning—indeed several meanings: it is a warning to cease disobeying God's law—in short to cease sinning; it is a challenge to wake up from the obsession, the dream, that material life is real and can separate us from God; it is the sharp reminder to recognize God's omnipresence and allness, to reject animality and mere beliefs however hoary with tradition, and to rise to the level of spiritual knowing and understanding; to replace mere physical sensation with spiritual sense—the steady consciousness of God as the only Creator, as our loving Father, our real origin, the aim and pattern and end of our existence, the One in whom "we live, and move, and have our being."

Since God's universe is an expression of Divine goodness and love operating under his perfect law, it is not strange or mysterious that sin, the

turning away from God, should bring inevitable suffering. But, God be thanked, there is no warrant for believing that either the sin or the suffering is everlasting. "The Lord will not cast off forever, for he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." Since we are promised final deliverance from pain and death through the wondrous truth which Christ Jesus taught and proved, is it not reasonable to believe that we can progressively gain ascendancy over disease and pain and death? But we shall never attain that dominion so long as we allow ourselves to believe that pain is written into the very constitution of God's universe, that it is inevitable, that it is a positive good or end in itself. That is the way of pagan, passive resignation to blind fate; it is not the Christian dynamic way of subduing every form of evil through knowing and applying the scriptural revelation of God as the perfect One and of man as his perfect child, harmoniously adjusted to a perfect environment, the Kingdom of Heaven.

Let us be gentle and compassionate with one another. Let us not add unnecessary pain to what already bows down our brothers, but at the same time let us not blind ourselves and tie our hands with such specious paradoxes as "the joy of sorrow," the "preciousness of pain," which are closely akin to "the positive use of pain." An eternal awareness of God will not only destroy any possible utility of pain—negative at best—but will unite us all in a grand fellowship for the redemption of human thinking.

—Arthur J. Todd

(Editor's Note: Dr. Todd, Professor of Sociology (Emeritus), Northwestern University, is a member of the General Commission.)

ENCLOSED is my new address: I hate to miss a single copy of The Chaplain and valued it especially while on sea duty.

—Chaplain John W. Myrose

Music to Our Ears

I HAVE been in the Chaplaincy eighteen months, twelve of them overseas. My unit participated in the Rhineland campaign and that of Central Europe. The whole experience has been immensely rewarding. I do not regret any part of it. I feel that my ministry will be greatly strengthened by this experience. I have gained an entirely new insight into the whole human problem. I have seen evil such as I could not have imagined and I have found good in many unsuspected places.

My faith in the Gospel of Christ has new depths and firmness. I am glad I entered the chaplaincy. I have gained a new appreciation of the Protestant conscience also . . .

I appreciate the work The General Commission has done and wish it continued success in such work.

—Chaplain Alexander Duff Gordon

AFTER nearly five years in the Chaplain Corps, U. S. Army, I am now on terminal leave. After a year in Europe, I know I speak the sentiments of all the Protestant chaplains when I say we sincerely appreciate the fine co-operation and co-ordination of the General Commission.

Without your unstinted help we could not have accomplished half so much for God and Country, and especially for the men in the service. Many thanks to you.

—Chaplain George H. Cooper

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

(Sir John Bowring)

NOW that attention is focused upon the Far East, it is fitting to review the life of Sir John Bowring. Nearly a century ago he was on the China Coast beginning as British Consul at Canton, and later served as plenipotentiary at Hongkong. He drew up the Anglo-Siamese Treaty at Bangkok, visited the Philippines and many other islands now familiar to chaplains and service men. During his nine years out there he proved to be not only an effective diplomat in opening doors behind which despotism and darkness reigned, but in advancing the work of American missionaries in the favor of the rulers.

Sir John Bowring was born in Exeter, England, October 17, 1792. His *Autobiographical Recollections,* printed a few years after his death which occurred in 1872, abounds in tributes to the early impressions left upon him by his devout parents and by the ministers of George's Unitarian Chapel. From refugees in the employment of his father he learned to speak fluently six languages.

He translated and published anthologies of Russian, Servian, Polish, Hungarian and other foreign poets. He claimed that he even dreamed in languages other than English, and it was facetiously said of him that he would have been a great help on the Tower of Babel.

Sir John became the favorite disciple of Jeremy Bentham who died in his arms, and whose works he edited with a biography in twenty-one volumes. With Bentham he founded *The Westminster Review* and knew intimately the literati and the statesmen of his day. He served in Parliament where he championed popular education, universal suffrage, racial and religious tolerance and fought hard and long at the side of Richard Cobden and John Bright for the repeal of the obnoxious Corn Laws. He seems to have been given a roving commission as Great Britain's ace "trouble-shooter" which across half a century took him to the far ends of the earth. Amid the intrigues of foreign courts and the dangers of hostile tribes, he moved with sure tread always honored for his scholarship, moral daring and character.

In 1825, the year in which he became editor of *The Westminster Review,* he published a volume of hymns. One of them, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," was set to music by Ithamar Conkey, organist of the First Baptist Church, Norwich, Conn. Lowell Mason, whose eighty years by a strange coincidence, covered the life span of Sir John, furnished the tune for "Watchman, tell us of the night," and "God is Love; His mercy brightens" was set to an old German melody. He did not live to hear his hymns of hope and praise sung wherever Christians assemble, but shortly before his death he was still glorying in the Cross of Christ as he addressed a temperance assembly of 3,000 people at Brighton, and veteran watchman of the night that he was, he ventured to prophesy to Japanese emissaries visiting England "what its signs of promise are." He who had long looked upon the darkness of unchristian lands never doubted the conquering power of The Light.

Former Chaplains . .

ALLEN, RAY L. ..... *Bible Meditation League*, Lansing, Mich.
ANDERSON, HENRY W. ..... *Chaplain, Veterans Administration Office*, Seattle, Wash.
ARTZ, HAROLD E. ..... *Mediator Lutheran Church*, Philadelphia, Pa.
BARRETT, BENSON C. ..... *Bethel Methodist Church*, Atlanta, Ga.
BATES, CARROLL M. ..... *St. Alban's Episcopal Church*, Olney, Pa.
BELL, SHERIDAN W. ..... *First Methodist Church*, Franklin, Ohio
BENTLEY, JOHN R. ..... *St. Stephen's Episcopal Church*, Houston, Texas
BERGMAN, CARL J. ..... *The Congregational Church*, Canton, Mass.
BROWN, JOE M. ..... *Westminster Presbyterian Church*, Port Arthur, Texas
CHAMBERS, H. MILTON ..... *First Baptist Church*, Anson, Texas
CHASE, HENRY E. ..... *Eastminster Presbyterian Church*, Cincinnati, Ohio
CRARY, STEPHEN T. ..... *Student Adviser, University of Rochester*, Rochester, N. Y.
CROWELL, JOHN McE. ..... *The Presbyterian Church*, Andalusia, Ala.
CRUMMEY, DAVID C. ..... *Student, Divinity School, University of Chicago*, Chicago, Ill.
DAVIS, WILLIAM P. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Clinton, Ky.
DAVISON, ALEXANDER K. ... *Covenant Orthodox Presbyterian Church*, East Orange, N. J.
DAWSON, LEWIS H. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Appalachia, Va.
DEKKER, HAROLD ..... *Faculty, Calvin College*, Grand Rapids, Mich.
DYER, CHARLES EDWARD ..... *First Christian Church*, Norman, Okla.
FAIRMAN, HENRY B. ..... *Smith Congregational Church*, Grand Rapids, Mich.
FENWICK, LAWRENCE M. ..... *Christ Episcopal Church*, Frederica, Ga.
FITZSIMMONS, JOHN P. ..... *Plymouth Congregational Church*, Belmont, Mass.
FRANKLIN, SAMUEL H. ..... *Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions*, Chicago, Ill.
FRYER, WILLIAM H. ..... *Episcopal Church of the Trinity*, Coatesville, Pa.
FULTON, J. WAYTE ..... *Royal Oak Presbyterian Church*, Marion, Va.
GABRIELSEN, T. RAYMOND ..... *Young People's Secty., Salvation Army*, Indianapolis, Ind.
GARRETT, JESSE H. ..... *Veterans Hospital*, Waco, Texas
GILLISS, CARTER S. ..... *Christ Church Cathedral and Trinity Church*, Hartford, Conn.
GOSHORN, DONALD H. ..... *The Presbyterian Church*, Kenova, West Va.
GREGORY, W. EDGAR ..... *San Francisco Council of Churches*, Corte Madera, Calif.
HAGEE, CHARLES R. ..... *The Christian Church*, Lenox, Iowa
HALL, FRANK S. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Cambridge, Ohio
HALL, RAYMOND S. ..... *Director, Episcopal City Mission's Seaman's Club*, Boston, Mass.
HANKEY, WILLIAM C. ..... *First Evangelical Lutheran Church*, Apollo, Pa.
HANSON, ROBERT E. ..... *The Christian Church*, Auburn, Neb.
HENSLEY, WILBUR R. ..... *The Christian Church*, Gladston, Oregon
HODGES, DEANE L. ..... *The Congregational Church*, Plymouth, N. H.
HOFFMAN, NELSON M. ..... *First Methodist Church*, Camden, N. J.
HONAMAN, EARL M. ..... *St. Stephen's Cathedral*, Harrisburg, Pa.
HONDERD, PETER ..... *Christian Reformed Church*, Morrison, Ill.
HOOKER, WILLIAM B. ..... *The Presbyterian Church*, Fayette, Miss.
HORNER, RAYMOND A. ..... *First Christian Church*, Stafford, Kansas
HOYT, ERNEST M. ..... *St. James Episcopal Church*, Fordham, N. Y.
HUGGINS, KENNETH L. ..... *Waterbury Memorial Presbyterian Church*, Oriskany, N. Y.
JONES, EDWARD H. ..... *The Presbyterian Church*, State College, Pa.
KING, GORDON L. ..... *Federated Congregational Church*, Saratoga, Calif.
KIRSCHBAUM, WILLIAM G. ..... *The Congregational Church*, Woonsocket, R. I.
KRAEMER, EDWIN ..... *Southern Baptist Church*, Sacramento, Calif.

LEE, ROBERT E. ..... *St. Luke's Lutheran Church*, Sliver Spring, Md.
LELLO, JELLISON N. ..... *The Congregational Church*, Scarboro, Me.
LINDSAY, JOHN M. ..... *The Christian Church*, Lexington, Mo.
LOUNGWAY, F. J. ..... *Union Congregational Church*, Boston, Mass.
MCALPINE, JOHN R. III ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Lexington, N. C.
MCCAULLEY, FRED A. ..... *Home Mission Board, Southern Baptist Convention*, Atlanta, Ga.
MCDANIEL, WILBUR J. ..... *College Avenue Baptist Church*, Durham, N. C.
MCFARLANE, ROBERT T. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Bellingham, Wash.
MCQUEEN, JOHN W. ..... *Woodlawn Presbyterian Church*, Birmingham, Ala.
MAAHS, ARNOLD ..... *Dept. of Finance, American Lutheran Church*, Columbus, Ohio
MARTIN, ROWLAND J. ..... *The Methodist Church*, Valier, Montana
MASON, J. WILLIAM ..... *First Baptist Church*, Pawhuska, Okla.
MAYES, FRANCIS B. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Beaufort, S. C.
MOORE, JAMES F. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Puyallup, Wash.
MURDOCH, HENRY C. ..... *North Tucson Baptist Church*, Tucson Arizona
NANCE, ELWOOD C. ..... *President, University of Tampa*, Tampa, Fla.
NICOLAS. WILLIAM H. ..... *First Congregational Church*, Simsbury, Conn.
NEWBOULD, ERIC ..... *Secty., Advance Training, Salvation Army*, San Francisco, Calif.
OESTERLE, ERIC A. ..... *Tattnall Square Baptist Church*, Macon, Ga.
OLDENBURG, CORNELIUS ..... *Third Christian Reformed Church*, Kalamazoo, Mich.
OLVER, PAUL S. ..... *Zion Episcopal Church*, Rome, N. Y.
PATTERSON, GAIL A. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Binghamton, N. Y.
RAYNAL, CHARLES E., JR. ..... *Manse United Presbyterian Church*, Fountain Inn, S. C.
REEDER, FRANK E. ..... *The Christian Church*, Wellington, Ohio
REICHARD, JAMES C. ..... *Asst. Pastor, Dilworth Methodist Church*, Charlotte, N. C.
RENFER, RUDOLPH A. ..... *First Cumberland Presbyterian Church*, Austin, Texas
ROBERTS, NORMAN L. ..... *Faculty, Baylor University*, Waco, Texas
SCHLEEDE, KARL W. F. ..... *Trinity Lutheran Church*, Schnectady N. Y.
SCHWEISSING, FRANK E. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Evanston, Wyo.
SMITH, ROY C. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Sapulpa, Okla.
SPENCER, JAMES L. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Laredo, Texas
STEPHENS, FRED E. ..... *Student, Iliff School of Theology*, Denver, Colo.
STEVENS, EDWIN I. ..... *South Community-Baptist Church*, Mt. Prospect, Ill.
STOHLER, EDGAR H. ..... *Superintendent, Booth Convalescent Home*, Chicago, Ill.
STROUP, RUSSELL C. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Lynchburg, Va.
TESH, S. EDWARD ..... *The Christian Church*, Roann, Ind.
TYRELL-BAXTER, JOHN A. ..... *The Church of Christ*, Stayton, Ore.
UNDERWOOD, NORVILL W. ..... *First Christian Church*, Sioux Falls, S. D.
VAUGHN, GORDON L. ..... *First Baptist Church*, Kewanee, Ill.
VERBRUGGE, JOHN C. ..... *First Christian Reformed Church*, Lynden, Wash.
VROON, SIMON ..... *First Christian Reformed Church*, Pella, Iowa
WALES, FRANKLIN E. ..... *The Congregational Church*, Shenandoah, Iowa
WALLICK, CHARLES C. ..... *Student, Yale Divinity School*, New Haven, Conn.
WARE, WARREN N. ..... *Student, Chicago Theological Seminary*, Chicago, Ill.
WITHING, ROBERT C. ..... *First Unitarian Society*, Hudson, Mich.
WEEMS, C. L. ..... *St. Barnabas Episcopal Church*, Freeport, Pa.
WILLIS, MAURICE T. ..... *Student, Southern Baptist Seminary*, Lexington, Ky.
WOODSON, ROBERT S. ..... *First Presbyterian Church*, Hot Springs, Ark.
ZALDIVAR, MANUEL J. ..... *The Presbyterian Church*, Roscoe, Pa.

FROM FIELD AND FLEET

CHAPLAIN MALCOLM C. MCIVER, JR., USNR, relates that during his return to Seattle from Shanghai on the *U.S.S. General H. L. Scott* he crossed the International Date Line on Sunday, December 23, thereby giving the passengers four Sundays during their seventeen days at sea plus Christmas Day. Says the chaplain: "I don't believe many chaplains have had divine worship five days out of seventeen."

CHAPLAIN W. W. MCREYNOLDS has written of a memorial service held for a signal repairman who was accidentally electrocuted during the final push toward Berlin. Since only a hasty graveside service could be conducted by some passing chaplain, members of his signal repair company concluded that they wished to pay a more extended tribute to their fallen member.

So it happened that later in the Confessional Lutheran Church at Bad Godesburg the entire company assembled. From the great choir loft a violin played softly with organ accompaniment by the chaplain's assistant. Chaplain McReynolds knew neither the deceased nor any of his comrades. What impressed him most was the fact that while only one man in that entire company had paid the supreme price, the devotion to his memory had complete expression in the great church at Bad Godesburg.

CHAPLAIN A. M. ELLISON writes that this is how he found church-going in Bad Kissengen, Germany, on Sunday: "During the singing of the choir and the great music of Brahms and Bach and others, I felt the sting of being an enemy. Chaplain Childers and I took our seats but the church members carefully avoided sitting near us until nearly all seats were taken."

CHAPLAIN ROSS T. WELCH, now with the U. S. Naval Air Station, Navy 163, recalls how one night he was summoned by telephone from his quarters at the Naval Air Station, Attu, Alaska. Arriving at the office of Lt. E. B. Cass, he found Lt. (jg) Mina Margaret Sykes and 1st Lt. Herbert Nash Cheek waiting to be married. Chaplain Welch is not certain that that was the first wedding of service personnel at Attu, but he is sure that never before had he signed so many marriage papers as were comprised in the seven Navy documents, to say nothing of the civilian forms.

CHAPLAIN GEORGE S. HIXSON, formerly of the 5th Cavalry, arrived at his home, Siloam Springs, Arkansas, the first of March. He landed on the docks of Yokohama thirty minutes after the ink had dried on the peace treaty. He speaks in praise of the witness to their Christian faith given by Miss Laura Mauk after three years of imprisonment in Japan and by The Rev. Jonathan Fujita, once pastor of a church now in ruins. The chaplain is for arming Japan—not with guns, however, but with Bibles.

CHAPLAIN COLMAN A. ZWITMAN has given a description of how in November, 1944, the Japanese made an ammunition dump of the Manila Synagogue. When the invaders left in February, 1945, they blew up what was once the arsenal of faith. A few months later, at a memorial service held amid the ruins of the Synagogue, Americans of all faiths contributed toward restoring the historic place of worship.

CHAPLAIN RUPERT R. CLEMENT accompanied a Filipino evangelist on a preaching tour and was much impressed with the manner in which the native congregations joined in singing the old Gospel hymns. While inspecting villages in the interior, the chaplain found bright, young people who spoke good English and who were intelligent Bible students. Upon his return, he wrote: "I came back with a new conception of the hardships which are endured by our missionaries and the fruit of their labors. My deepest impression, I believe is the eagerness of the Filipinos to hear the Gospel. Truly, they are hungry for the Word of God."

Strollers along the boardwalk at Atlantic City, N. J., scarcely realize that in 1943 the Chalfonte-Haddon-Hall Hotels housed

3,000 patients from overseas. The REVEREND PAUL E. LEWIS who was the first chaplain assigned to the England General Hospital at Atlantic City, points out that an ocean lies between the famous pleasure resort and Europe, the hospital was within a few hours from the front lines from which the wounded were flown. The chaplain has had a variety of experiences during assignments in Africa, Italy and elsewhere. Among the more memorable, is that of baptizing candidates by immersion in the cold Volturno River in February.

CHAPLAIN CORNELIUS I. WILKINS has written of his impressions on D-Day when serving Anti-Aircraft Units. As men embarked on the perilous mission, many prayers were offered by gun crews at their emplacements. Chaplain Wilkins has memories of a young Christian officer who, when his company was alerted to plunge behind the enemy lines during General Patton's dash toward Germany, sought out a chaplain as if in need of spiritual preparation for this mission. Of the impression made by the chaplains upon servicemen, Chaplain Wilkins states "They learned that the Protestant Church did not remain at home when the boys went off to war."

CHAPLAIN THOMAS B. RICHARDS who served two and one-half years with the 351st Bomb Group has signed to remain in the Army until June, 1947, because as he says, "I like it." Upon his assignment to Buckley Field, Denver, Colorado, Chaplain Richards participated in a program dealing with enemies that seek the gradual disintegration of American social institutions.

CHAPLAIN MELBOURNE R. HOGARTH, who was stationed in Liberia, has described Roberts Field as follows: "It contains the only Afro-American transplanted on the African continent." The chaplain took particular pride in one church which he described as "one of the best designed churches on any army post in Africa." Of the joy that came with news of the termination of hostilities, Chaplain Hogarth says: "It was a far cry from a June day, 1942. Then an American task force crossed the sand bar amidst white capped waves on a crudely fashioned jetty. This led to a road through the bush to the military installations which the Americans were sent to expand and to protect with the vague destination 'Somewhere in Liberia.' "

AT YOUR SERVICE

● Materials and services available to chaplains

● The following items are available to chaplains with Occupational Troops: 500 envelopes and 1000 sheets of Scripture text stationery with choice of insigne of any branch of the armed services; also up to 300 Scripture text pencils to each chaplain and whatever quantity can be used of beautifully illustrated Gospel or denominational tracts and booklets including a supply in German for prisoner of war camps. These are also available in French, Spanish and Japanese.

Address requests to John Ferguson, 8998 North Martindale Avenue, Detroit 4, Mich. (Offer is free to chaplains.)

● Upon request, chaplains may receive copies for distribution of the following: *Through the Old Testament in Half a Year and Through the New Testament in Half a Year*, available in Spanish, Portuguese, Russian and German. These are furnished by Mr. R. C. Tillinghast and may be procured by addressing the American Tract Society, 21 West 46th Street, New York 19.

● Any chaplain being transferred, on terminal leave or already released from service, is urged to send his address to the office of THE CHAPLAIN, 1137 Woodward Building, Washington 5, D. C. Without the latest address we cannot insure delivery of THE CHAPLAIN and of other materials that are available from the General Commission.

● The following pamphlets may be obtained without cost by writing Mr. Arthur G. Glascow, 1900 Monticello Avenue, Norfolk 10, Va.

(1) Address by the Honorable Frank Knox to the English-Speaking Union; (2) Six Letters Concerning Better Government; (3) Making Democracy and the World Mutually Safe.

● If any person or church group wishes to place helpful materials in the hands of chaplains, a notice will be inserted in this column.

PERSONALS

First Protestant American church services were held recently in a Japanese church. The service was conducted by CHAPLAIN HERBERT E. MILLER, 158th Regimental Combat Team.

The Navy Department has announced that CHAPLAIN ALVO O. MARTIN, USNR, has been awarded the Bronze Star for meritorious service during the campaign of Iwo Jima. The chaplain, a minister of the Congregational-Christian Church, entered the Navy in 1933.

An altar cloth has been dedicated in memory of the late CHAPLAIN C. HERBERT REESE, chaplain in both World Wars. The service was held in the chapel of the Philadelphia Episcopal City Mission. Chaplain Reese was formerly rector of St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia.

CHAPLAIN FRANK S. WILEY is the new pastor of The United Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ohio. He succeeds the Reverend S. A. Livingston who held the pastorate for 58 years. Chaplain Wiley has recently been separated from the service after serving 18 months in the India-Burma Theater.

Chaplain of the United States Senate, DR. FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS, has celebrated his 21st anniversary as pastor of Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, D. C.

CHAPLAIN ARTHUR P. COOK writes that he is assigned to one of the few remaining troop carrier groups in Japan, and that he has the privilege of bidding the men goodbye as they prepare to sail for home. The chaplain was pastor of The Christian Church, Anthony, Kansas, when he entered the service.

CHAPLAIN MILES J. DEPAGTER, USNR, has been appointed the Youth Director of the Detroit Conference of The Methodist Church. The chaplain's last duty with the Navy was with the Retraining Command, Camp Peary, Va.

Under a plan formulated by the Presbyterian Church, USA, properly qualified chaplains will be located in 35 university centers to minister to the special needs of their student veterans.

CHAPLAIN DEWITT C. CLEMENS is serving at the military prison in Tokyo and has some of the most notorious war criminals as his "parishioners." Tokyo Rose and former Premier Tojo have attended his services.

CHAPLAIN TAYLOR E. MILLER, USNR, now separated from the Navy, has been appointed an instructor in philosophy at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.

CHAPLAIN HAYWOOD K. CROSS and Miss Joyce Marie Stanley of Victor, Montana, were married recently in Seattle. The chaplain, who was pastor of the Baptist Church. Stevensville, Montana, served 22 months in the Pacific.

CHAPLAIN FRANK R. WILSON, USNR, spoke at the annual Lincoln Day luncheon given by the National Society, Daughters of the Union. The chaplain was formerly rector of St. James' Church, Hyde Park, N. Y., where the late President Roosevelt was a warden.

CHAPLAIN RALPH R. ERICKSON who crossed Europe with the Ninth Army and spent V-E Day in Germany, has been appointed chaplain of the Veterans Hospital, St. Cloud, Minn. He was pastor of the Montrose Baptist Church, Chicago, before entering the chaplaincy.

CHAPLAIN ARNOLD R. JANSEN is now stationed at one of the separation centers of Camp McCoy, Wis. He reports that he gives the "farewell address" to men at the departure ceremony, and that more than 150,000 men have already been separated through this station.

CHAPLAIN CLAUDE E. STRAIT has been nicknamed the "Flying Chaplain." Since he went overseas in March, 1945, he has visited Hawaii, Johnston Island, Kwajalien, Guam, Leyte, Manila, Dutch Netherlands, New Guinea, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Norfolk and New Zealand. Chaplain Strait is a member of the Holston, Tenn., Conference of The Methodist Church.

CHAPLAIN BERNARD SEGAL, first Jewish chaplain to enlist in World War II, is now director of extension activities of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York.

Marking the 400th anniversary of the death of Martin Luther, President Truman was presented the first commemorative stamp. Present at the ceremony was CHAPLAIN EUGENE GRAEBNER of Bolling Field, Washington, D. C.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS in collaboration with Bishop William R. Arnold, former Chief of Army Chaplains, has written "Soldiers of God." The book traces the chaplains' part in World War II.

CHAPLAIN JAMES H. PHILLIPS who served with the Second Army Air Force, has been named professor of religion at The American University, Washington, D. C. Mr. Phillips was formerly associate pastor of Foundry Methodist Church, Washington.

CHAPLAIN ERNEST T. RUNNELS, chaplain in World War One and Two, has been assigned to missionary service in the Panama Canal Zone. He will be priest-in-charge of the Episcopal Church of the Savior, Christobal.

RABBI PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, Executive Director of the Committee on Army and Navy Religious Activities of the National Jewish Welfare Board, has returned as spiritual leader of Congregation Brith Kodesh, Rochester, N. Y., from which he had been given a leave of absence since 1942. Succeeding Rabbi Bernstein is Rabbi Aryeh Lev, former Army chaplain who last served in the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, Washington, D. C.

CHAPLAIN E. K. ROBERTS of the 27th Infantry Regiment, has been stationed about eighty miles from Kyoto, Japan, his former residence. One Sunday evening he preached in Kyoto at the Korean Presbyterian Church.

CHAPLAIN G. HAROLD DULING writes that chaplains entering Germany found its pastors friendly and helpful. One German said that for five years a Gestapo agent had sat in his church pew every Sunday, taking copious notes on all that was said. Chaplain Duling has visited several churches, among them the oldest church of Bavaria.

Chaplain Charles C. Merrill who was retired from the Army after 28 years' service. A native of Pennsylvania, the chaplain served in Germany in World War I. He has been on duty at Camp Pike, Fort Lewis, Fort Missoula, Fort Sherman (on Panama) and the Presidio of Monterey, Calif.

CHAPLAIN STEPHEN J. MEANY, formerly of the 165th Infantry of the Fighting 69th Division, has been appointed assistant dean, Fordham University School of Business, Rochester, N. Y.

American Army Chaplaincy has been prepared by the Office of the Chief of Chaplains, USA, in commemoration of the 170th anniversary of the Chaplain Corps. The brief history was presented by the *Army and Navy Chaplain*.

A recent dispatch from China states that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has been holding conferences with chaplains and leaders of our army with a view to establishing a Chaplain Corps in the Chinese Army.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM J. MCKEEFERY, USNR, who is stationed at the U. S. Naval Center, San Diego, Calif., reports that there are 30,000 seventeen-year-old boys in training there.

CHAPLAIN JAMES L. JOHNSON, who arrived at a general hospital on Biak Island the very night that the first air raid in about seven months occurred, says this in praise of the hospital staff: "I want to speak a word of admiration for the doctors and nurses. They gave themselves without stint in administering to the wounded. Even when death was inevitable because of the nature of the wound, they did not stop until the last breath had ebbed away."

FINALLY, BRETHREN . . .

By the Acting Editor

CHAPLAINS who drop in to see us or write us seldom refer to their achievements. Like true servants of the Lord, they leave their works to praise them in the lives of the service men to whom they minister. Usually they dwell upon what the chaplaincy has done for them. Perhaps unwittingly they confess to a transformation parallel to a revolutionary observation made by Frederick Jackson Turner. When it had become the custom of historians to emphasize how the pioneers had changed the American frontier, Turner called attention to the manner in which the frontier had changed the pioneers. Their environment had invested them with a new self-reliance, a rugged Americanism, a spirit of unity and neighborliness.

If chaplains are reluctant to appraise the value of their services to the Army and the Navy, they freely acknowledge the personal benefits that have come to them. Some have had experiences that have lifted them up out of their denominationalism, revealed to them a new unity among men of all faiths and that have widened and enriched the field of friendship. For whenever has there been another thing comparable to the close association of those thousands of chaplains during World War II in promoting understanding, teamwork and brotherhood? Naturally a chaplain wants to know the whereabouts of other chaplains with whom he shared such experiences. There are some memories that he wishes he might lay aside with his uniform. There are others that he hopes may remain to bless and cheer him to the end of his days. These are memories of other chaplains.

Quietly and rapidly former chaplains are being absorbed into the civilian population. In the days of the circuit-riders it was recommended that candidates for the ministry should be ordained on horseback because they were always on the move. Chaplains, too, are difficult to keep up with. Constantly they are arriving in new parishes which to their fellow chaplains remain unknown destinations. That is why the whereabouts of some former chaplains is about as difficult to discover as Captain Kidd's lost treasure.

To help overcome this situation which all men who prize friendship quite naturally deplore, there has been introduced in THE CHAPLAIN, the department "Former Chaplains and Where They May Be Found."

In the March issue of THE CHAPLAIN, there was inserted a blue slip one line of which contained the inquiry: "If now a pastor, please give name of church and address." Such returns help us to furnish the address of former chaplains. This information bureau, "Former Chaplains and Where They May Be Found," is maintained for the good of the fraternity. Finally, Brethren, if you are again in the pastorate or otherwise engaged, please send us your name.

FALLEN CHAPLAINS

When the House of the Lord grew lonely
With the presence of empty pews,
And the lads of the Church went marching
At tidings of startling news;
Then quickly from pulpit and study
In response to a summoning voice,
Men called of the Lord came forward—
The defenders lot their choice.

When many a deck was flaming
And death rode the skies in wild flight;
When jungles and beachheads were claiming
The toll of America's might,
Then by the dazed and the broken
The comfort of Christ was heard;
To them was the old faith spoken
By the bearers of his Word.

When home from scenes of conflict
The brave defenders came,
Missing was many a chaplain
Who sleeps where his comrades were lain.
When the Church presents her record
Of men counting life not dear,
Hallow a page for remembrance
Where the names of these shall appear.

By JACOB S. PAYTON

SACRED PLACE

HERE is the clean, unimprinted sky, blown by gentle winds . . . peaceful again, *free at last.*

Here there will be no shaft of stone, no marble arch . . .
no Gettysburg . . . no Flanders Field . . .

Yet here was a great field of battle . . . where gallant men flew and fought, daring death, suffering death . . . triumphing over death. Their victories have made secure this sky—ancient altar of man's hope, symbol of his freedom, empire of his future progress.

Americans lift their eyes to the sky today . . . and remember with simple thankfulness the courage and sacrifices of the airmen who made it forever free.